

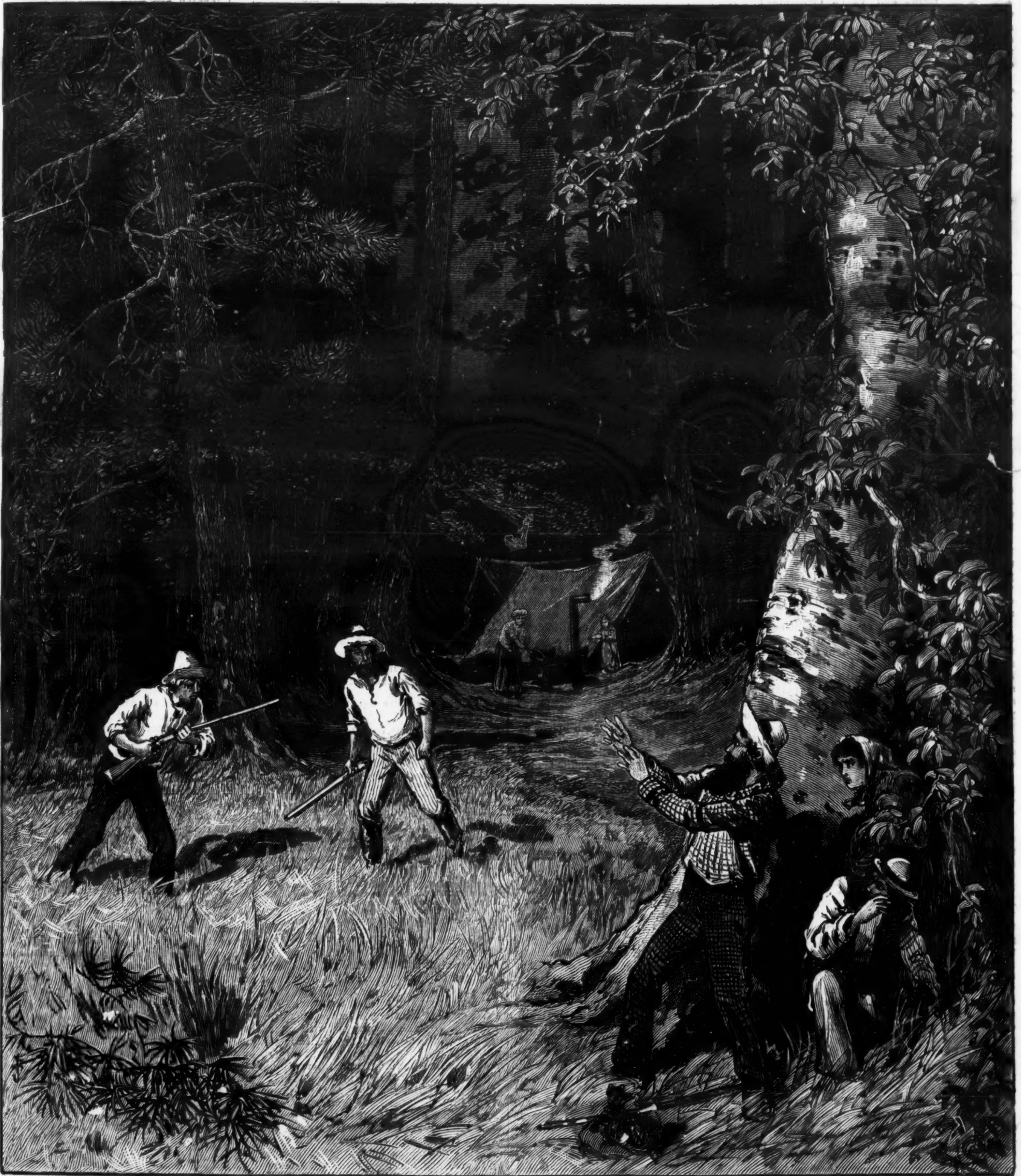
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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TENNESSEE.—ARREST OF YELLOW-FEVER REFUGEES BY THE SAFETY-PATROL OF MEMPHIS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 411.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.  
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.  
NEW YORK, AUGUST 23, 1879.

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## VAGUE AND THEORETICAL POLITICS.

A MODERN writer on the philosophy of jurisprudence has remarked on the large terms and vague principles which are apt to be bandied to and fro as missiles in social or political contention, and which, he says, are all the more effective for a season because they seem to put criticism at defiance. Such phrases as the "Divine Right of Kings," the "Consent of the People," the "Social Contract," the "Rights of Man," are cited as specimens of the sonorous watchwords which have played an important part in the political history of the last two or three hundred years; and a similar collection of such partisan slogans may be gathered from the political dialect of the present day, rife as it is with hoarse clamors for "Constitutional Rights," for the "Rights of Nationalities," for the "Rights of Property," for the "Rights of Labor," etc., etc.

Whatever may be the moral or political significance of these high-sounding declarations, whether they proceed from aspirations for some unattainable good, from a helpless clinging to the past or a prophetic foresight of the future, it is plain that they have no place in the domain of practical politics. So fully was Mr. Webster convinced of this, that he always declined to take any share in the discussion of theoretical doctrines concerning the abstract relations of the States and of the General Government in our complex political system. "I can make no diagram," he said, "of the partition of national character between the State and the General Government. I cannot map it out and say, so far is national and so far is municipal; here is the exact line where the one begins and the other ends." Instead of drawing such imaginary lines in the air, he always wanted a practical question as the starting-point of his logical processes in reasoning on the relations of the States to the Union; but when such a practical question was presented, whether by the assumptions of South Carolina in 1832 or by the political perils of 1850, he could reason with a cogency and power which carried demonstration to the popular mind and the national heart.

In casting a glance over the political field in the United States at the present time, the critical observer cannot fail to be struck with the vagueness and indefiniteness of the political cries with which it is sought to rally the adherents of party around some common standard. The Republican fugleman would fain persuade the people that the rightful supremacy of the National Government over the lately insurgent States is again put in perilous issue by the "rebellious" spirit of the "Confederate Brigadiers" in Congress. The Democratic tribune meets the cry of "Revolution" with the counter-cry of "Centralization," and ascribes to the Republican leaders a deliberate purpose to trample on the legitimate rights of the States, and to maintain their hold on the Executive Government of the country by military coercion and by interference with the freedom of elections. Unable to point to any overt act of the National Democracy which would justify them in formulating a charge of "Revolution" against the dominant party in Congress, the Republican leaders are fluent in the prediction of dark and covert designs hidden for the present in the bosoms of the conspirators, but designs which, we are told, would come at once to surprise and destroy the nation if the Democrats should be trusted with complete control of the Government. For instance, Governor Dennison of Ohio has just been curdling the blood of his hearers in that State with a prophecy to the effect that the Democrats, if allowed to carry the next Presidential election and to retain their present ascendancy in Congress, will "wipe out" all the "war amendments" to the Constitution, by swamping the Supreme Court with new Judges pledged to declare those amendments illegally incorporated in our national charter. Democratic agitators, on the other hand, for the want of sufficient arguments with which to evince their capacity

in practical statesmanship, are vehement in denouncing the past transgressions and future enormities of the Republican leaders.

Each party seeks to establish its claim on the popular confidence by blackening the character of its rival. Neither seems competent to state any clearly-defined set of principles on the strength of which to ask a popular verdict in its favor. Floundering in a sea of contradictions on the currency question, the Democrats are willing to conceal their embarrassment by raising vague and factitious issues in the field of disputatious politics. Pausing half way in the currency battle precipitated on the country by Greenbackers and Labor Reformers and Silver fanatics, the Republican leaders are not prepared, as yet, to take the high vantage-ground on which alone they can defend the future permanency of that gold resumption on which their party prides itself. The Democrats are scarcely agreed upon any subject except that they want a "change" in the Executive Administration of the Government while retaining their supremacy in Congress. The Republicans are more clear in their doctrine that the "Solid South" is a standing menace to the public liberty than in their views on any practical question of civil or economical politics. The main reason why the Greenbackers are able to make such a strong impression on the minds of their followers is the fact that they seem to offer something positive to their votaries. They have a definite plan which they publish as a panacea for all our financial infirmities, and this plan, absurd as it is, finds a reader access to the popular ear because the people see plainly enough that the Republican and Democratic magicians are seeking to frighten them with shadows. And the people obstinately refuse to start and stare at the spectres.

If anybody wishes to know the meaning of a political campaign carried on by a thunderous cannonade of partisan rhetoric, without clearly defined and substantial issues of practical politics, we commend him to the pages of Professor Von Holst's recent volume on the political history of the United States. Commenting on the Log Cabin and Hard Cider campaign of 1840, he cites the fact that the success of the Whigs in that "struggle for supremacy for supremacy's sake" was the beginning of their end as a political organization. The absence of great political principles and of definite political ideas is always the mark of dissolution or death in party confederation; for the party which is "wanting in questions deserving of a warm, tense and devoted contention" is a party which has lost the reason of its being, even if it has not wholly forfeited its traditional hold on the popular mind.

## AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS IN ENGLAND.

SINCE the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846 no such cry of distress has been heard in England as that which is now raised by the farming classes. It was argued by the Protectionists of that day that the abolition of the duties on grain would ruin the farmers and the entire landed interest. The prediction was not fulfilled. On the contrary, since 1846 down to within the last three or four years, the farmers of England enjoyed a prosperity unexampled in their previous history. Distress, however, has at last come to the farmer, and his condition has forced itself on the attention of the country. It is now no longer doubtful that at the next general election, which cannot be much longer deferred, Lord Beaconsfield and the Tory party will find in the existing agricultural distress a large amount of convenient political capital. The farmers have already formed an alliance among themselves; and Her Majesty has been induced to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the causes of the depression, whether they are of a temporary or of a permanent character, and how far they are the result of or removable by legislation.

The commission will, no doubt, enter thoroughly into the work assigned them; and with their report before us, it will be more easy than now to speak definitely as to the causes to which the depression is attributable. In the meantime there is no mystery about the disease itself. It is simple, visible fact. Farming has ceased to be profitable in the British Isles. Rents are high, and for the last three or four years the yield has been small and the prices have been low. Farming, in truth, has not only ceased to be profitable, it has become a ruinous business. It appears from an examination of trustworthy statistics that during the last three years the agricultural produce of the country, even on the best managed farms where no money is spared on cultivation, has declined not less than twenty-five per cent. This is really an alarming state of things. It is now morally certain that the present year will present more alarming results than any of its predecessors. The high rents are still demanded; the prices are still low, and the crops have been ruined by exceptionally

bad weather. It is not wonderful that, in such circumstances, the farmers should be turning their eyes to the Government for relief. It is as little wonderful that large numbers of them should be leaving the country and seeking new homes in far Australia, in the United States and in Canada.

The situation would be less alarming for our British cousins if there was any good reason for believing that the evil complained of was only temporary. The causes, it is true, are not all of a permanent character. The unfavorable weather has been a serious drawback; but the farmer has reason to hope that the weather will not always be against him. The general trade of the three kingdoms is dull; and, as a natural consequence, the middle classes are economizing, while the working classes are without money. The general trade, it is not unreasonable to hope, will revive; and, with a more liberal circulation of money, the farmer may count on better prices for his produce. It is undeniable, however, that some of the causes of the depression are of an enduring kind. The low prices are directly traceable to two causes—the presence of American produce in the market, and the dullness which prevails among the manufacturing classes. We are supplying the British consumer with meat, with butter and cheese, with wheat and flour, at a lower figure than the British farmer can supply them. We no longer buy our manufactured goods from England; we manufacture for ourselves, and, what is more, we compete successfully with the British manufacturer in foreign markets. Other nations besides ourselves have become manufacturers, and have thus become less dependent upon Great Britain. It is this which accounts for the dullness of British trade. These two causes, it will be found, will not be easily removed. Great Britain is likely to become less and less the workshop of the world. Relief may be sought in legislation and in an attempt to restore protection. It is doubtful, however, whether protection or reciprocity would afford the needed relief. It is even more doubtful whether it is possible for the British people to go back on the principles of free trade. More effective relief will be found for the farmer in the modification of the land laws. Leases must take the place of the tenant-at-will system; compensation must be given the farmer for improvements made, and the rents must be so reduced as to enable the home grower to compete with his foreign rival. Sooner or later, by peaceful legislation or by violence, the land laws of England must be radically changed.

## THE INTER-OCEANIC CANAL.

THE statement that Secretary Evarts is in correspondence with the Nicaraguan Government on the subject of the proposed inter-oceanic canal appears to be without foundation in fact. There appears to be no doubt, however, that both the President and the Secretary favor the construction of the canal by the Nicaraguan Government under certain reciprocal arrangements with the United States as to neutrality. It is stated also that Secretary Thompson has directed that close surveillance of affairs along the coast of the Central American States shall be maintained by the Gulf Squadron, and it is believed that any serious attempt to interfere with American interests will be promptly met. A Washington dispatch says:

"The Secretary states that there would be no objection to foreign capital aiding in the building of the canal, but the United States is the only power which could adequately, either by moral or physical force, preserve its neutrality; that were the French in possession, which this Government, however, would never assent to, the first conflict with another European power would find its possession and control a question of power to be disposed of through the arbitration of fleets and armies; that the United States, taking no part in the struggles of European governments, would be in a position to treat the commerce of all governments with fairness and equality."

"The initiative taken by the Nicaraguan Government in the recent reopening of this question is regarded as a most favorable circumstance. During the administration of President Grant a treaty was drawn up and ready for signature, but owing to subsequent differences in matters of detail was never consummated. Then the Nicaraguan Government acted on the supposition that the United States Government was aiming to take advantage of the facilities offered; now the two countries seem to be in perfect accord as to the mutual advantages which the building of the canal would be to themselves and the commercial world at large."

In connection with this subject, it may be stated that the Nicaraguan Government is engaged in completing improvements on the San Juan and the San Juan del Norte rivers on the direct route from the Caribbean Sea to Lake Nicaragua, with a view of opening direct navigation with the latter, which must prove of the highest importance both in a national and international aspect. The work is to be prosecuted under direction of Chief Engineer A. G. Menocal, of the United States Navy, and its completion, besides greatly facilitating the project of an inter-oceanic canal via Nicaragua, will rapidly extend and enlarge an already increasing commerce between that country and New York, and open up an undeveloped region of country that promises to add enormously to the products and wealth of

the countries having access to it. The *Herald* says of the project:

"The improvement of the Machuca Rapids is now nearly completed, and the Nicaraguan Government now proposes to build a canal with the necessary lockage around the Castillo Rapids, which will open up an uninterrupted line of communication from the sea to Lake Nicaragua. There will then remain but a short distance to be cut, said to be less than thirteen miles between the western boundary of Lake Nicaragua and the Pacific Ocean. This portion of the route has been already carefully surveyed for the inter-oceanic canal. The advanced stage of the work along the San Juan River and the energy which the Nicaraguan Government has determined to put forth in completing the route between the lake and the sea is an assurance to our Government that if an inter-oceanic canal is to be constructed it will be by this route, in which the United States is as largely interested as the Government of Nicaragua."

## SUMMERING AT SARATOGA.

SARATOGA is a sanitarium for invalids, a metropolis of midsummer fashion, a rendezvous for sportsmen, a paradise for loungers, a vanity fair for money-spenders, a central market for match-making mammas, a trysting-place for politicians, a perpetual banqueting-hall for *bon vivants*, a nightly *fête* for the coquetry of the dance, and a kingdom where money and fashion are, with gentle and tolerant sway, king and queen. Why is it that health and pleasure resort to those spots, where, of all others, the sick lie them for hygienic purposes? Why should the watering-place, with its health-giving springs, even though it be devoid of any special external or natural beauty, become Fashion's favorite Summer retreat? It would be hard to say; but it has always been so. Bath and Baden-Baden, Schwalbach and Aix-la-Chapelle, Tunbridge and Vichy, have, time out of mind, offered at once healing beverages to the afflicted and a myriad delights to the robust, world-loving, excitement-craving pleasure-seeker.

And among all the watering-places in the world, Saratoga is unique in the variety and the brilliancy of its attractions. The Old World cannot boast a single Summer resort the first impression of which is so striking, and where the first impression lasts and is heightened by familiarity. The street of palaces in Genoa is tame and musty compared with the street of monster hotels at Saratoga. The Paris Boulevard is fairly rivaled by that liveliest of thoroughfares; when at night the lamps are lit, and the gayly-dressed crowds of holiday-makers are abroad, only the *cafés* are needed to make the resemblance almost perfect. In costume, in elegance, in beauty, the balls of St. James's and the Winter Palace, of Potsdam and the Elysée, can scarcely claim precedence over the hops of Congress Hall and the Grand Union. The homage to the thoroughbred at Saratoga almost confirms the wisdom of that Roman Emperor who made his favorite steed a consul; the races are little daily Derbys, with their infinite variety of vehicles, their plentiful sprinkling of elegantly dressed ladies, the momentary excitement of the "run," the hasty settling of accounts, and the rattling return to town.

A great charm of Saratoga is its democracy. The *dame de société* can be as fashionable as she pleases, flaunt her huge diamonds, exhibit her most elaborate coiffures, and shine in her four costumes a day; she need not fear a lack of admirers, and if she is really *bon ton*, she may hold the same empire at the Summer watering-place as she held in the Winter drawing-room. But she does not and cannot monopolize Saratoga. It is tacitly understood that there is absolute social liberty, and that the quiet denizen of the boarding-house is to be accorded the same respect, the same privileges, as those given to the belle of the big hotel. It is *en règle* for ladies to walk about day and night bare-headed, and for men to go to the hops and look on, if they choose, in tweed suits. A great city magnate does not surprise any one when he is seen riding to the Geyser in a ten cent 'bus; the helress, the servant-maid, the railroad king, the Chinaman, the Senator, the Jew, the beggar, and the boot-black stand side by side at the pavilion of the spring, and drink, one after the other, out of the same glasses, the bubbling beverage as it wells up from the common mother of all, the earth.

Saratoga is supreme among Summer resorts in the art of entertainment. The sojourner is not forced, as at most seaside or mountain places, to choose between extravagance and shabbiness. He is not confined to making his choice between a room in the fifth story of a big hotel at five dollars a day, and a hot attic, barely furnished, in a spasmodically-built cottage, at six dollars a week. He can choose just what he wants in the matter of accommodation—just where and just at what figure he wants it. The endless hotel piazzas are open to him wherever he may lay his head and line his stomach; if he prefers the day and night-long bustle, let him live in the caravanserai; if he prefers quiet at least ten hours out of the twenty-four, there are scores of elm-shaded streets with cozy verandaed boarding-houses of a homelike air, where he can select at least his dormitory and take his *siesta* and his night's rest



In peace. Wherever he may be, he is lulled to slumber by the mingled music of half a dozen bands, and awakes and performs his ablutions to the familiar strains of Strauss and Lecocq. Saratoga insists on making its guests forget their urban cares. It is an irresistible temptress to idlers. The naturally lazy man sinks easily into the lassitude that the place provokes; the nervous man catches the gentle power of indolence and wonders where his nerves are.

The politicians are wisely fond of consorting and hobnobbing at Saratoga. There are certain surroundings conducive to calm discussion and good-natured controversy. You can scarcely fancy a very bitter political squabble amid shades so grateful and influences so cheery as those of Saratoga. A good dinner, an after-dinner lounge on a cool piazza, are admirable preparations to graceful concessions, timely compromises, and votes by acclamation. The Republican State Committee did a shrewd thing when they designated Saratoga as the spot where the personal preferences of the party should be harmonized; the benign influences of the place may suffice to bring about a condition of party concord which a meeting in a hot and dusty city might put in peril.

#### EVENTS ABROAD.

**L**ORD BEACONSFIELD made a speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet in London, August 6th, which might have been prepared by the floor-sweeper of St. Stephen's. He felicitated himself upon the result of the war in Afghanistan, and as to that in Zululand, he "awaited events," coolly ignoring all the deplorable past. His allusion to the Treaty of Berlin, however craftily worded, could not disprove that Turkey, despite the menace of England, has done and is doing exactly what she pleases, and that her internal reforms, if such exist, are owing to local and not imperial influences. It was truly Disraelian to say, and it was delivered in a manner worthy of Tancréd: "This treaty has taken its place among the archives of the capitals of Europe." How "Dizzy" must have chuckled over this empty sentence with his faithful Monty Corry. The terrible depression in trade and commerce is attributed to imprudent speculation, and the good harvests in the rest of the world are to enrich the British agriculturists. Clever Disraeli!

Home Rule now means obstruction, and obstruction means Parnell. Mr. Parnell will make up the Irish party in the next session of Parliament. The "base, bloody and brutal Whigs" know this, and already the alarm has been sounded through Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, M. P. for Tipperary, and proprietor of the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, who, at the bidding of the bishops and priests, alarmed and mortified at the defeat of their candidate at the recent election for Ennis, has been compelled to denounce the vicious Obstructionist through the columns of the leading Catholic journal. The Ennis election is just a foretaste of what is to happen consequent upon the dissolution of the present moribund Parliament, and if the bishops and priests are wise in their generation they will leave Mr. Parnell alone. The Home Rule League is now about to discuss the converting of the League into a regularly elected convention of the Irish nation. This looks as if business were intended. The Irish University Bill may possibly pass into law before the close of the session.

The troubles in the Transvaal are not yet over, and the South African thorn is still likely to stick in the side of John Bull. The Boers are disgusted by the approach of Sir Garnet Wolseley, who is known to them of old, while it is rumored that Cetewayo is intriguing with them. If the reply to the memorial to Queen Victoria is not satisfactory, the Boers will rise to a man, and then will come the tug of war. The story that Cetewayo is a fugitive is evidently unfounded, but there seems to be no doubt that a considerable number of his chiefs have given in their adhesion to the British. The latest official telegram says that the natives generally cannot understand the retirement of the British forces from Ulundi, and that Sir Garnet has therefore resolved to reoccupy the place. The special correspondents agree in condemning the idea that the war is over, and they deprecate Sir Garnet Wolseley's hasty action in sending the troops home.

*Pallida mors* has cast ghastly shadows over the King of Spain. His bride of a few months tragically snatched from him, her sister following to the unknown bourn, and now his sister, the Infanta Maria del Pilar, at the age of eighteen. This princess was the third child of ex-Queen Isabella and the Infanta Francisco. King Alfonso has himself sustained the dislocation of an arm by being thrown from his carriage.

Efforts are making to induce Dean Stanley to recall his permission for the erection of a statue to the Prince Imperial in Westminster Abbey; but it is not believed that he will give way. He has addressed a circular to the newspapers, defending his ac-

tion; and, on the other hand, very strong protests against the memorial have been published. The Government, appealed to in the House of Commons, has declared itself neutral. It is not improbable that the most eager advocates of the memorial will yet see that they have made a mistake, and will allow the matter to drop when the agitation has spent its force.

Minister Welsh appears to have acted with great discretion with respect to the Bonapartist funeral at Chislehurst. A London letter says:

"Like all the other foreign representatives at the Court of St. James, he received an official invitation from the Lord Chamberlain to attend the Bonapartist ceremony. He declined, expressing his sympathy with the Empress, but alleging with perfect politeness that a bereavement in his own family prevented him from appearing in public. If that reason had not existed, he would certainly have found some other. He is not, and never was, one of those republicans who keep their republicanism for home use. He had no desire that it should be said in France that the Envoy of the American Republic was paying public honors to the memory of the most dangerous enemy of the French Republic. He was sorry for the boy, but not sorry for the Prince and the Pretender, at whose tomb he was invited to do homage."

It is denied that the religious questions at issue between Germany and the Vatican have been adjusted. It is added that Bismarck will not surrender any essential point in the Falk laws under any circumstances whatever; and if this is really his decision, it is not at all likely that a truce can be established between himself and the Pope. Meanwhile, the Government has determined not to appoint priests to vacant livings on its own account, and will cause summonses issued to Catholic divines by the secular courts to be withheld for a time.

M. Léon Chotteau has just made a report to Minister Waddington on the progress of his work for the establishment of a Franco-American Treaty of Commerce, and it is announced that the French Government will shortly announce its decision as to how far it will co-operate in the movement. The Turkish Government is unable to dispatch any additional troops to the Greek frontier, owing to the disaffection among the military generally because of the protracted non-payment of their services. Mr. Keith Johnstone, the leader of the English expedition to explore the head of Lake Nyassa, in Africa, died of dysentery on the 28th of June, at Berobero. The expedition will go forward under other direction.

The Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio is making one of the liveliest campaigns on record. He recently traveled over two hundred miles—forty-nine being by wagon over mountainous roads—and made nine speeches, some of them over an hour in length, in thirty-two hours, and he is said to be only "just settling down to his work." If success waits upon the candidate who makes the most of his opportunities, Mr. Foster may be fairly regarded as on the road to victory. His speeches deal mainly with the financial question, and are eminently practical and business-like.

THERE seems to be no doubt that Secretary Evarts has determined to reopen the Fishery Question with the British Government. He has recently dispatched a gentleman who is familiar with the whole subject, with instructions to cruise on the inshore fishing-grounds of the Dominion, and gather such statistics as to American interests therein as will enable the Secretary to present our case intelligently and forcibly, and it is believed at Washington that, as the result of the renewal of the agitation, the principle of settlement upon which this question rests will have to be changed radically or the immediate abrogation of the treaty will be brought about.

THE Kentucky election last week resulted in the success of the Democratic State ticket by a greatly reduced majority. The Republicans made slight gains in the Legislature. But the most significant fact of the election was the partial disappearance of the Workingmen's, and Greenback parties. In Louisville, where the workingmen last year elected five representatives, the Democrats last week carried every district. Local elections in New Hampshire show the same decay of the Greenback party, and in the country at large it will be found, we imagine, that the success of the resumption policy has very materially weakened the hold of the Greenback delusion.

ONE hundred and thirty-five cutlers from Sheffield, England, have been brought to this country by a cutlery establishment at Bridgeport, Connecticut, where they will be employed in improving the quality of fine cutlery manufactured in the United States. In the manufacture of table-cutlery the American trade claims it can compete with the foreign manufacturers. In fine pocket-cutlery, however, the American manufacturers desire to improve, and, should the present experiment result satisfactorily, no doubt other companies will follow the example of the Bridgeport concern. And this is not by any means the only branch of industry in which, in the present condition of foreign trade, we are likely to attract to our workshops the skilled labor of Europe.

THEY have curious notions down in Mississippi on the subject of a free ballot. Recently,

in Yazoo County, a well-known citizen who had been for some months an independent candidate for sheriff of the county, supported by a portion of the whites and a large majority of the negroes, in opposition to the regular Democratic nominee, was compelled by an armed mob to withdraw from the canvass in order to save his life; and an extra from the office of the local newspaper strongly approved the outrage; on the other hand, the Vicksburg *Herald* publishes a letter from a prominent citizen of Yazoo strongly denouncing the intolerant proceedings of the mob; and the *Herald*, commenting upon the occurrence, warns its party friends that their course is not only indefensible, but is certain to lead to political disaster.

GENERAL MILES's offensive campaign seems to have effectually checked the invasion of the hostile Sioux. According to the latest reports, all the unfriendly tribes, numbering from 5,000 to 8,000 people, have decided to remain in Canada, and have given assurances that they will make no hostile movements to this side; that they will stop all raiding parties, return all stolen property brought into their camps, and not hunt the buffalo or destroy or disturb the game on the reservation, unless permitted to do so under the supervision of our officers. It is to be hoped that these promises may be kept, and that we may no longer be disturbed by actual or threatened invasions from these tribes. But if they shall at any time cross the line with hostile intent, they must be dealt with pitilessly, and made to respect and fear the authority of the Government they have so long defied.

THAT unique and peculiarly American enterprise, the Chautauqua Sunday-school Assembly, is now holding its sixth annual session, with an attendance of several thousand persons, mostly teachers, officers, and workers in the Sunday-schools of the country. A special event of the session last week was the dedication of the "Hall of Philosophy," a structure copied after the old Grecian temple which stood on the Acropolis, with the roof supported on all sides by pillars, the sides being open. It has a capacity for holding about 1,000 persons, and will be occupied by classes engaged in literary and other studies, under the direction of eminent divines and laymen. A scientific and literary circle, numbering some thousands of Sunday-school teachers and pupils scattered through the country, is maintained the year round, under the charge of competent instructors in connection with this Chautauqua Assembly, and a wonderful stimulus has in this way been given to Bible study, upon a coherent, uniform basis, among the youth of our American churches, which, in future years, will thereby be benefited.

SECRETARY EVARTS has recently interfered very effectually for the protection of certain German-American citizens from military requisition in Germany. Two sons of Carl Boisselier, a naturalized German citizen, both born in St. Louis, spent part of their minority in Germany, returning here, however, before they became of age. The German authorities demanded that the young men should report themselves for enrollment in the German army, and upon their refusal so to do, a process was served upon the father, stating that unless the sons should appear in court on a stated day in July last, they would be prosecuted under the penal laws of Germany, and certain property of the father would be confiscated to the State. The matter being brought to the attention of Secretary Evarts, he at once entered a decided protest against any attempt to punish the elder Boisselier, by the confiscation of his property, for the refusal of his sons to submit to the demand for military service; and it is now announced that the German Government has recognized the justice of his position, and will desist from further efforts to enforce a claim which should never have been pressed. If the principle of this decision shall be adhered to, German-American citizens will hereafter be exempted from an annoyance which has hitherto disturbed very many of them who occupied substantially the position of the Boisseliers.

THE reports from United States Consuls on the condition of labor in the several countries of Europe, and published by order of the State Department, will prove of the highest value in assisting our workingmen to understand their greatly superior position and the groundlessness of the clamor of demagogues over their miseries and wrongs. These reports show that wages in the United States are double those of Belgium, Denmark, France and England; three times those of Germany, Italy and Spain, and four times those of the Netherlands; that, on the other hand the prices of the necessities of life are lower here than in Europe, and that the laborer in the United States, were he satisfied with the scanty and miserable fare upon which the European laborer must live, can purchase like food for less money than it can be purchased for in any of the countries named. It is shown also that "more misery results from strikes, drinking, socialism, and communism in England and Germany than from all other causes combined, hard times included." Facts like these have a higher significance for the working classes than the finest theories of the political charlatans and demagogues who seek to persuade them that they are of all men the most miserable, the victims of arrogant oppression and misrule; and the American workingman who cannot see and rejoice in the happy eminence he enjoys deserves to suffer all the consequences of his stolid stupidity and wrongheadedness.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

MAJOR WILLIAM W. LRLAND died at Saratoga August 9th, aged fifty-nine years.

THE fleet of the New York Yacht Club rendezvoused at Shelter Island, August 9th.

THE American Dental Association held its nineteenth annual session at Niagara Falls last week.

THE Act reducing the State debt in Tennessee was rejected August 8th by about 15,000 majority on a light vote.

JOHN TAYLOR, a trustee of the Mormon Church, has brought suit against the estate of Brigham Young for \$1,000,000.

THE Abbott Democratic State Committee in Massachusetts has refused to unite with the Butler Democrats in calling a State Convention.

SUBSCRIPTION-BOOKS were opened in this city August 6th for the \$80,000,000 loan for building the Inter-oceanic Canal and 500 shares were taken.

A NATIONAL Convention will be held at Baltimore, October 15th, to form a grand union of Catholic Knighthood of the United States and Canada.

SECRETARY SHERMAN will make several speeches in Ohio after August 26th. Secretary Schurz will make one speech in Cincinnati, en route to the Indian country.

THE total number of yellow-fever cases in Memphis up to August 10th was 359, with about 100 deaths. At that date the fever was rapidly spreading in the suburbs.

THE Rev. W. H. H. Murray, of Boston, is in San Francisco, and he denies that he seeks to evade his creditors. Many of the reports about him are probably sensational.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT has given \$100,000 for the erection of a gymnasium and of a civil engineering and scientific hall on the grounds of Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tenn.

THE American Bankers' Association met in convention at Saratoga last week. Alexander Mitchell, of Milwaukee, was re-elected President, and Jacob D. Vermilye, of New York, First Vice-President.

THE receipts of the New York customs for the fiscal year just closed were \$98,045,899, against \$91,992,931 for the year preceding. The expenses for 1879 were \$2,134,115 against \$2,320,552 in 1878.

THE Collector of Customs at Niagara Falls reports to the Treasury Department that he has seized a number of seines set at the mouth of the Niagara River, and adds that the intrusion of Canadian fishermen into our waters is becoming quite frequent.

REV. THEOPHILUS VAN DER MOORTL, a priest and a member of the Society of Jesus, who has been attached to the Church of the Holy Family in Chicago, and also as a Professor in St. Ignatius College, has united himself with the Protestant Episcopal Church.

THE various Republican State Associations in Washington, composed of department clerks, which were disbanded shortly after the President's Civil Service order was issued, are now taking steps to reorganize. Is civil service "reform" to be abandoned?

THE Democrats of Maryland have nominated ex-United States Senator W. T. Hamilton for Governor. United States Senator Z. Chandler is addressing Republican meetings in Maine. The Committee on Rules of the House of Representatives, of which Speaker Randall is chairman, met at Long Branch, August 12th, for a two weeks' session.

MAYOR COOPER has removed General Smith, President of the Police Board in New York, and James E. Morrison, the Mayor's private secretary, has been appointed as his successor. Judge Westbrook has granted a writ of certiorari to renew the proceedings against Commissioner Nichols, and Judge Van Brunt decided to hear the writ of prohibition sued out by Commissioner Wheeler against Mayor Cooper on August 11th.

FIVE counterfeiters, who were concerned in an extensive counterfeiting operation on the notes of the Empire of Brazil, were arrested in this city last week. All the work had been finished. The genuine notes had been closely imitated, then traced on stone, and reproduced on paper, giving an exact representation of the original, and one of the principals was in the act of packing his trunk with rolls of counterfeit, preparatory to sailing for Rio Janeiro, when he was arrested.

##### Foreign.

THE Chilean blockade of Iquique, Peru, has been raised.

It is announced that Germany will participate in the next international silver conference.

THE report of the safe passage of Behring Straits by the Nordenskjöld Polar Expedition is confirmed.

A DECREE of divorce has been obtained by the Rev. Newman Hall, the well-known London clergyman, from his wife.

THE Exchange and the Ville Marie Banks of Montreal have suspended, causing great distress among depositors and a run upon other houses.

A GREAT fire broke out in the Latin quarter of Sarajevo, Bosnia, August 8th, destroying 1,000 buildings and rendering 20,000 persons homeless.

IN the Quebec Legislative Assembly, August 6th, on a motion of confidence, the Government was sustained by a majority of 4, the vote standing 31 to 27.

A STORM in England has caused immense damage to the growing crops and the loss of many cattle by drowning. Twenty-seven lives have been lost by storms on the coast of France.

ONE hundred buildings were blown down, several persons killed and a number injured, by a hurricane which swept over Woodstock and vicinity, in New Brunswick, August 6th.

AMBROSE FORTESCUE and William Vaughan, the supposed accomplices of a gang of American forgers, who were recently arrested for attempting to pass an altered check on the Bank of England, have been committed for trial.

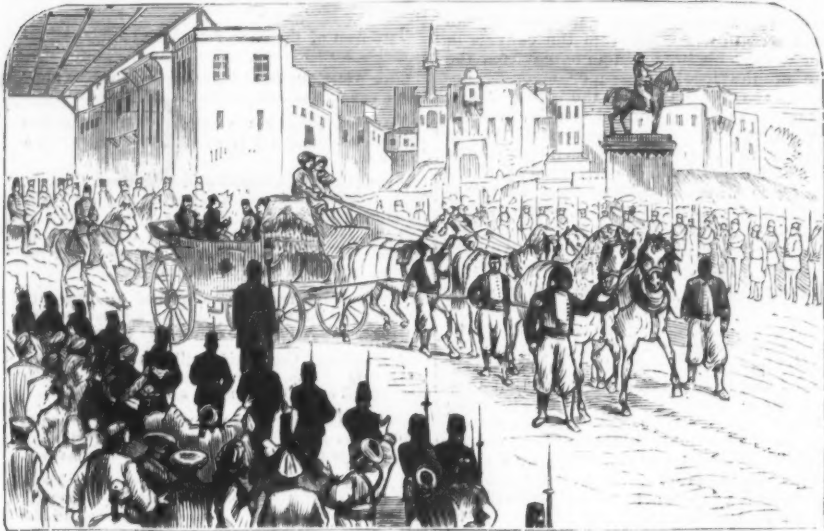
It is intimated that Lord Dufferin, the present British Ambassador to St. Petersburg, will shortly be transferred to Constantinople, with instructions to insist upon the speedy execution of the required administrative reforms in Turkey.

THE Russian News says that Russia will surrender Kaldja in return for certain concessions from China favorable to Russian commerce, but there are signs that the Chinese troops will not be able to maintain their ground there for any length of time.

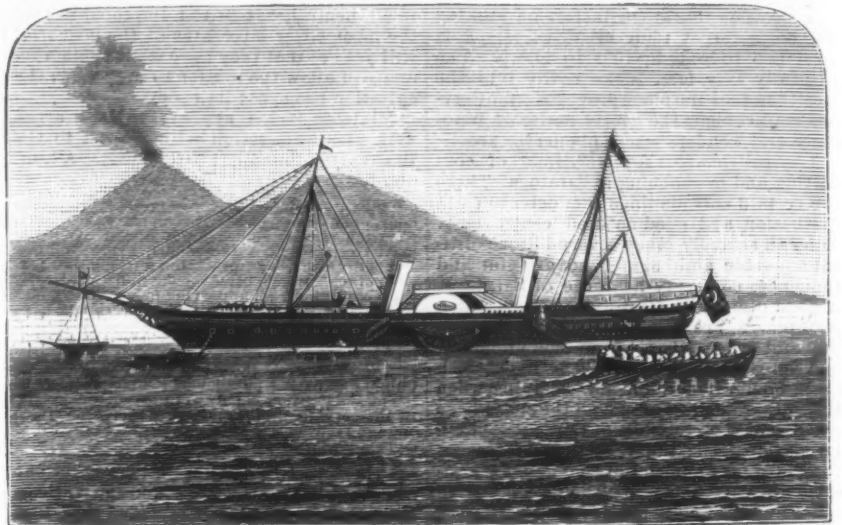
ON the Fourth of July President Barrios of Guatemala sent his own band of eighty-eight pieces to the residence of the United States Minister to assist in the celebration of the day. He has also given a banquet to our Minister, and displayed other unusual marks of cordiality towards the United States.



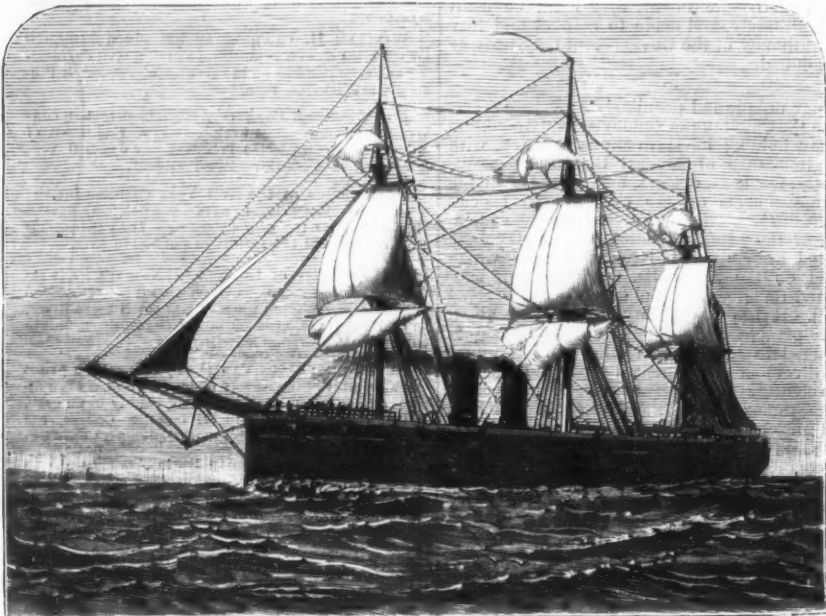
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 411.



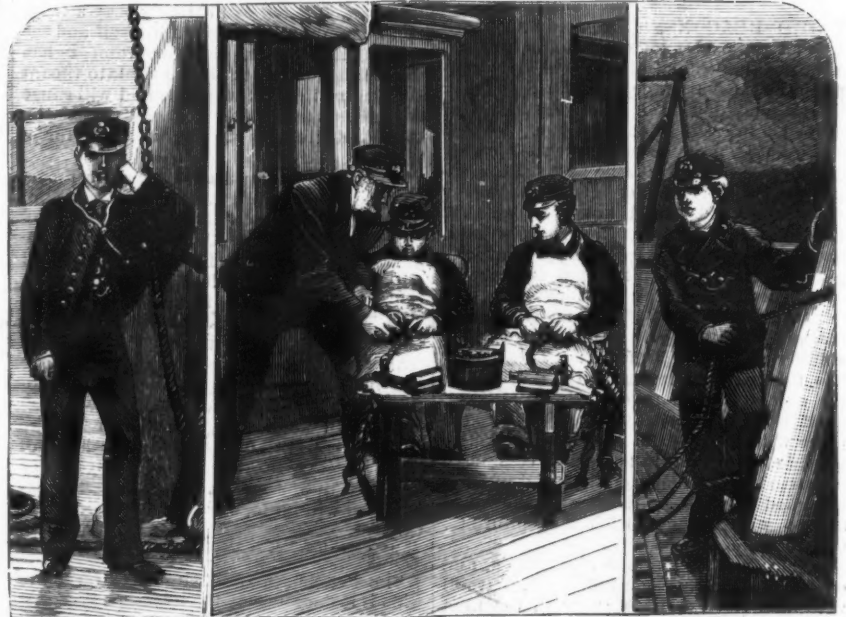
EGYPT.—TEWFIK PASHA BEING ESCORTED TO THE CITADEL AT CAIRO.



ITALY.—ARRIVAL OF THE EX-KHÉDIVE AND HIS HAREM AT NAPLES.



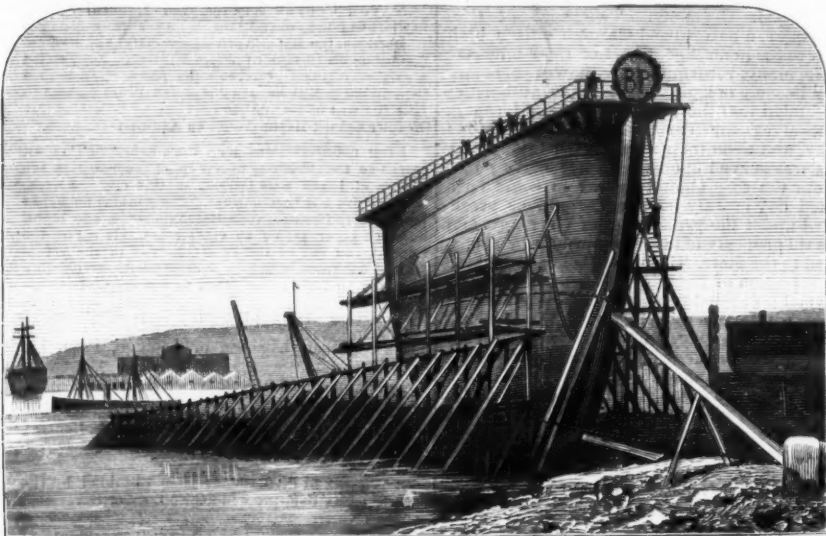
ENGLAND.—FIRST SEA TRIP OF THE SONS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.



Albert Victor.

A LESSON IN ROPE SPLICING.

George of Wales.



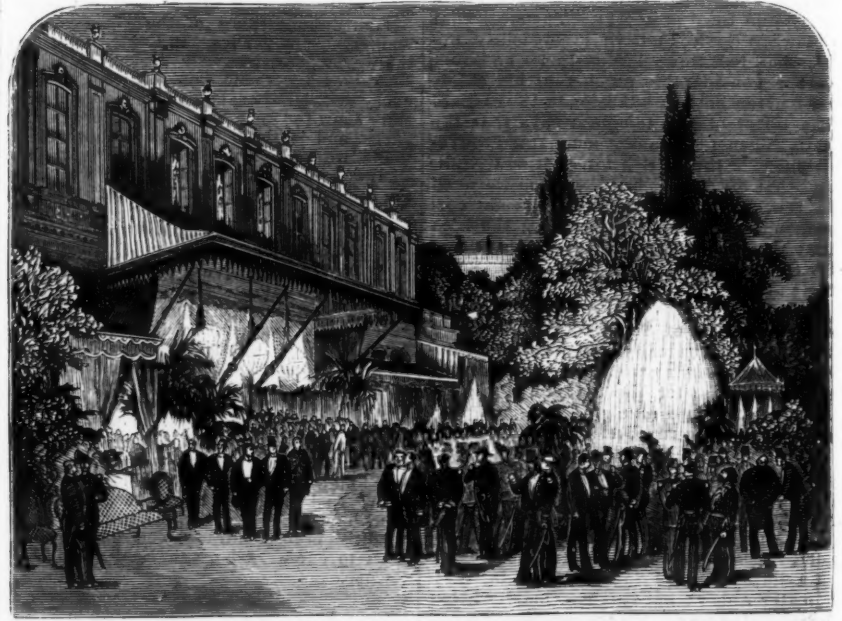
SPAIN.—LAUNCH OF THE FLOATING DIKE GATE AT FERROL.



THE SOUTH AMERICAN WAR.—ARRIVAL OF THE CHILIAN ARMY AT CALAMA.



NEW ZEALAND.—A NATIVE CHIEF PROVING THE CLAIM TO HIS LAND.



FRANCE.—THE FÊTE OF JULY 14TH—GUESTS REPAIRING TO THE BANQUET.





THE ARREST AT MATANZAS.



COLONEL M. G. BARNETT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CRAWFORD.



IN THE CELL WITH DRUNKEN NEGROES AND CHINAMEN.

THE LATEST SPANISH OUTRAGE.

ARREST AND IMPRISONMENT OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN IN CUBA.

THE arrest of Colonel M. G. Barnett, a former resident of New York, by the Spanish authorities at Matanzas, in Cuba, is very justly provoking indignant comment in this country, and, unless the facts shall appear to be otherwise than as now reported, our Government can scarcely fail to call upon the Spanish Government at Madrid for redress. The circumstances attending the perpetration of the outrage, as learned from Colonel Barnett, are as follows: Early last month Colonel Barnett left one of the interior towns of Cuba with the intention of starting an agricultural colony at Cienfuegos. On July 15th, he arrived at Matanzas. It was early evening when he arrived, and he proceeded directly to his brother's house in that city. About an hour later, just as he was leaving his brother's house, a man in citizen's dress stepped up to him and abruptly asked if his name was Barnett. He had no sooner declared that it was than he was told that he was a prisoner. Two members of the Civil Guard then came forward, and, placing handcuffs upon him, led him to the police-station. No attention was paid to his protest that he was an American citizen and had just arrived in the town. He was placed in a close, dirty cell, with a number of drunken negroes and Chinamen. Here he was kept several hours. Then he was placed alone in a foul, stinky closet, where he was compelled to remain until morning. Early the next day six members of the Civil Guard conducted him out of this horrible den, first joining his hands together with handcuffs behind his back. No information was given to him of his destination, and when he demanded to be taken before the American Consul he was told that it was impossible. In this condition he was marched to the railroad station. Here his captors were joined by others, and the party then proceeded to Cienfuegos, which was not reached until six o'clock in the afternoon.

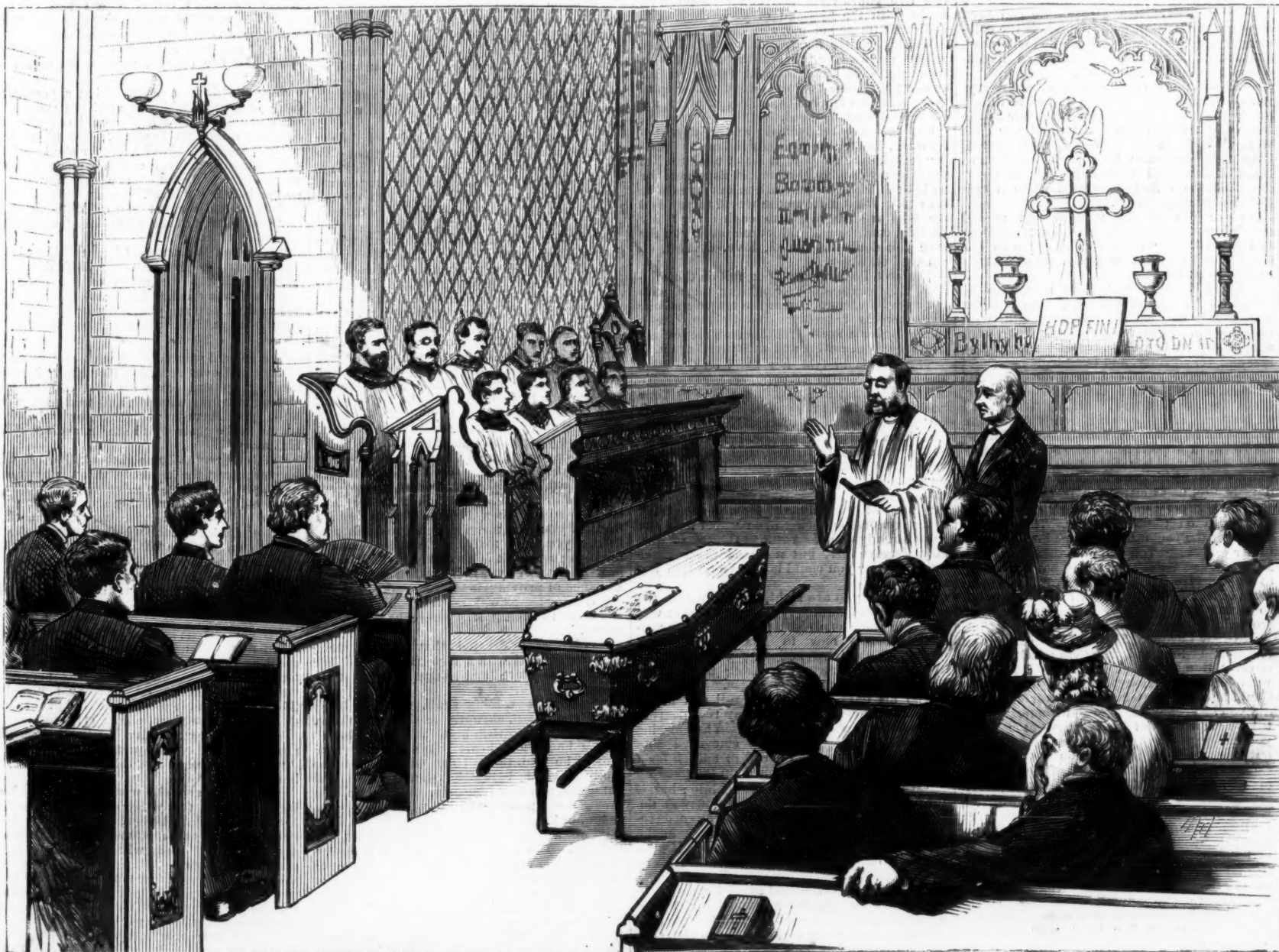


ON THE WAY TO EXECUTION.



RESCUED FROM DEATH NEAR CIENFUEGOS.

CUBA.—INCIDENTS OF THE ARREST AND IMPRISONMENT OF COLONEL MICHAEL G. BARNETT, AN AMERICAN CITIZEN, BY THE SPANISH AUTHORITIES.



NEW YORK CITY.—OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE HENRY D. PALMER, THE THEATRICAL MANAGER, AT THE CHURCH OF THE ANNUNCIATION, FOURTEENTH STREET, AUGUST 6TH.—SEE PAGE 411.



At this place the Colonel was put in jail. All this time not a particle of food had been offered to the prisoner. At two o'clock that night he was taken from the jail by an officer and two men, for the purpose of being shot. Colonel Barnett has no doubt that this was the intention of his captors. As they approached the open ground beyond the city, and when there appeared to be no hope of escape, a cavalryman dashed up to them and ordered the officer to conduct his prisoner back to the town. At six o'clock that morning he was sent to Havana, still handcuffed, and not yet having been furnished with anything to eat. On the way friends gave him food, which was the first he had tasted since his arrest. Handcuffed and with clothing still covered with the filth of the places in which he had been confined, he was led through the streets of Havana to the Consul-General's office. Here he was received by Señor Joaquín Carbonel, General Blanco's secretary. This gentleman immediately ordered that the handcuffs be taken off and that the prisoner be made free. The captors having no reason to give why they had arrested the prisoner, Señor Carbonel made profuse apologies for the "inconvenience" that had been occasioned, but at the same time mildly advised Colonel Barnett to leave the island as a sure remedy of avoiding a repetition of such troubles in the future. Colonel Barnett took this advice, and, taking passage by the steamer *Niagara*, arrived in New York on the 4th instant.

Colonel Barnett is an intelligent-looking man, thirty-five years of age. He has black hair and eyes, and is somewhat short of stature. He was born in Cuba, but came to New York in 1865, and resided in this city five years. He became a naturalized citizen while living here. From New York he returned to Cuba. Colonel Barnett has been an officer in the Cuban army, where he has done such active work that his name has frequently been mentioned in the Spanish journals.

#### THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST.

"YOU make a very pretty picture, Isabel." Colonel Egerton smiled to his wife. She was sitting in a low chair, leaning against the open window-sill, one diamond-flashing hand supporting her head, and a kitten on her lap.

She rose as he spoke, and smiled back, "You are home early to-day, are you not, Cecil?"

"About the usual time. I met an old friend of yours by chance, and I asked him to dinner; but, for the life of me, I can't remember if he said Yes or No."

"That is so like you. An old friend of mine! Tell me his name?" in faint curiosity.

"Sydney Carew. He challenged me going down Holborn, or I should not have recognized him. Don't believe I ever did know much about him. By Jove, Isabel, are you hurt?"

"Not at all," she said, promptly, kneeling down among the scattered ferns and smashed china pots that had fallen in one mighty crash around her. To a careless eye it seemed exactly as if Mrs. Egerton had extended her hand and pulled over the whole plant-stand; and her husband told her so.

"You did it yourself, my dear, deliberately. Will you have the gardener or a servant to put the mess right?"

"Call the gardener, please. He can save some of my ferns, perhaps;" and, as the colonel strolled away, calling Jones, his wife rose, and leaned from the window in an unconscious, gasping search for air.

Framed in the roses that clustered everywhere around, Mrs. Egerton was more than a pretty picture. She was sweet and fair as the buds that touched her cheek; and her eyes were lovely—large, almond-shaped, liquid, gray ones, shadowed by a perfect weight of black lashes—and with a wistful, yearning depth in them that fascinated while it saddened a meeting glance.

As she quitted the window and passed slowly up-stairs her movements were gliding and graceful, her voice as she spoke to her maid sweet and low, and pleasant as a lady's ever is to an inferior.

Colonel Egerton had good reason to be proud, as he was, of his wife. Mrs. Egerton was nearly dressed (in soft gray silk, with cunningly-mixed flecks of crimson) when, with a light tap at her door, entered a girl, very fair and very pretty, and laughing.

"What have you been doing among your flowers, Isabel? I met poor Jones in such virtuous despair just now. All his flowers and all his ferns, all his pots and everything else of value that he possesses, smashed in the drawing-room. I hope it isn't quite so irreparably bad. My dear!"—her light tone changing rapidly—"how white you look! Have you been ill? Is anything the matter, Isabel, darling?"

"I'm not very well!"—fingering nervously the trifles on the toilet-table. Then, as the maid left the room, Isabel turned desperately to her friend: "Tell Cecil anything you like, Millicent, as an excuse for my not appearing at dinner. He has asked Sydney Carew, and I can't meet him. I thought I could. I'm not so strong as I fancied. It would kill me, or worse!"

"Sydney Carew! Then he has come back to England—that bad, heartless man! Isabel, never tell me you shrink from meeting a wretch who has treated you so utterly badly. Could he have treated any girl worse than he did you?—pretending love and winning yours, till he grew tired of the amusement, and left you, when poverty came to you, Isabel, without one word of explanation or farewell. Compare his conduct with that of the generous man who only dared to offer his heart when others forsook you—the kind, noble husband, whom you told me only yesterday you were really beginning to love; and never tell me you cannot sit at table with those two men, and thank the mercy that has delivered you from the one's deceit, and given you the other's tender, unfailing affection."

Millicent spoke warmly, carried away by her mingled scorn and admiration; but her friend only shook her head, with the gray eyes tear-filled.

"I hate and scorn my weakness as much as you can do, but that does not conquer it. I told you yesterday I was beginning to love Cecil. I hoped and prayed so! That was when I thought Sydney far away—never to enter into my life again. Now I know he is near—now there is the chance of my seeing him, hearing him—I know that I dare not trust myself. Why has Cecil asked him here? What evil genius throws temptation in my way when I would flee from it if I could?" As she clasped her hands wildly, the dinner-gong sounded, and she looked up and said, "Run away, Millicent, and tell Cecil anything but the truth. I will be in the drawing-room when you come out if I can."

She was not there, however, though her just-touched work was, when Millicent, followed by the anxious colonel, entered from dinner.

"She has strolled into the garden, perhaps," he suggested. "Let us see if we can find her." And, lighting his cigar, he sauntered in one direction; Millicent Holt, in a presentiment she shrank from, bent her steps in another.

The moon was rising, and throwing silver paths over the lawn, as Millicent trailed her white dress vainly across to the summer-house.

No Mrs. Egerton there. Round the rose-garden she searched, and through the shrubbery, until she neared the little fir-plantation. Then she caught the sound of voices, and paused and trembled.

A man's voice was speaking—a deep, mellow, soft voice, that Miss Holt knew to be Sydney Carew's, and it was saying, "I purposely came too late. Do you think I could sit at another man's table, and see you at its head? You judge my memory by your own, I suppose; but I tell you I cannot forget as easily as you have done what once was. A year ago to-day, for instance, Isabel—think back—we were walking on the cliffs by moonlight, you and I. The band was playing 'Faust,' and—"

"Don't!" she breathed, painfully. "What good is all that now I am another man's wife? Oh, Sydney, help me to remember that!"

"I wish there was a chance of our forgetting it. Isabel, why could you not trust me in absence? Had you no faith, no constancy, that you must needs have another lover the moment my back was turned? Was it old Egerton's money tempted you, child? I know you did love me—did not love him?"

Listening, Millicent grew a shade paler, and crept nearer to the stile that ended the path. Neither of the speakers heard her.

"I thought you cared nothing for me; you left me without one word!" poor Isabel wailed. "My stepmother taunted me till I was nearly mad; and when Colonel Egerton came forward, kind and generous, it seemed—it seemed—" Her voice choked in sobs.

"You ruined our lives for want of trust!" Carew cried, in well-feigned passion. "No matter for you, perhaps; but what is my life to be to me henceforth, do you think? A thing to throw to the dogs, the quicker the better, and thank you for my happy ending; while you live yours virtuously and pleasantly, no doubt, with the husband of your choice and your well-trained memory!"

Writhing under his upbraidings, she looked wildly up, lovelier than Millicent had ever seen her, with the moonlight falling on her sweet, pallid face, her eyes dark and deep in their pain, and her hands, so tiny and soft, unconsciously outstretched.

Carew's face brightened; and, with a step forward, he took those hands in his.

"Isabel, save me yet; it is not too late. Not too late, my darling, for perfect happiness for us both—for the one mistake of our lives to be set right. What matters the world to you and me, who are the world to each other? My darling, come to me, and let me teach you the love you doubted. Isabel, love, dearest, do not send me away."

The soft, insidious whisper fell on the stillness, and Isabel stood trembling there, with her eyes downcast. It was the tempter's hour—almost his triumph; almost—for, like a victim under a spell, Mrs. Egerton moved not as Carew bent lower, and whispered again.

Then Millicent laid her hand on the stile, and stepped forward.

"Isabel, what are you doing here? Your husband is looking for you. Mr. Carew, won't you finish your visit indoors?"

With a start like an awakening from an evil dream, Isabel turned, and glided away without a word. Millicent stood alone there, facing Sydney Carew in her burning indignation.

"You bad, wicked man! How dare you try to bring worse suffering upon Isabel than you have already done? Your pretenses of love may deceive her, but not me! You never loved her, or you could not have treated her as you did!"

"Perhaps you are right," he turned, in the most untroubled calm; "perhaps my heart was given to some one else; perhaps I only pretend affection now to Mrs. Egerton as a means of obtaining notice of some sort, indignant or otherwise (anything better than nothing) from that some one else."

And his dark eyes looked full and meaningfully at Millicent, who was only two degrees less pretty than Isabel herself. The amazing effrontery of the man fairly staggered Miss Holt; and, as she stood bereft of speech for a moment, Carew's vanity filled up the pause.

"It is a cursed mess I'm nearly into; but, if I'm right in supposing a little jealousy at the bottom of this young lady's interference (remember, I fancied her a little spooney in the days gone by), I can find a way out of it. No bad way either, for, by George! she is very pretty!"

He leaped the stile, and came impressively nearer, never imagining that the girl had heard more than a word or two of his late conversation, and, as he approached, an idea shot into Millicent's head.

"Forgive my saying more than I should have dared, Miss Holt," in tones just as seductive as he had employed to Isabel. "Your sudden presence and voice broke down my control; but, nevertheless, they were truth."

"You mean to say you really care for me?" in faltering inability to realize such bliss. "Care, Millicent?" Then he checked himself with an apparent effort. "I mean to say nothing until I have some hope that my words will be listened to and answered. I have no ground for such hopes at present. I have incurred your displeasure, and justly so."

But he sighed here in a manner that protested pathetically against injustice.

"Do you tell me," eagerly and breathlessly, "that you don't care for—Isabel? That I was mistaken just now in fancying—"

"You were more than mistaken, if you fancied Mrs. Egerton possesses one iota of the heart that is all another's."

And here, as the two actors reached the house, Colonel Egerton's stalwart form appeared on the broadly-lighted steps.

"A moonlight stroll, you two? Ho, ho!" he laughed. "Well, come in the drawing-room now; better late than never, Carew! My wife will give us some tea."

Till he took his departure, Carew remained a fixture by Millicent's side. Isabel, close at her husband's chair, neither spoke nor stirred.

Miss Holt did all she knew to captivate, and the visitor congratulated himself, in his walk to the station, on having two birds in a very nice process of killing. He left with a pressing invitation from the hospitable colonel to come again; and Millicent laid her head on her pillow with a resolution that was almost a vow.

"I will save her, come what may! She has been more than a sister to me! Her brother's skill"—here, even in the dark, the fair face flushed—"saved my father's life! Her husband has been our life-long benefactor. I think I can save Isabel, and I will!"

Colonel Egerton came down to breakfast on his young wife's birthday more radiant than his wont, and greeted Millicent, fair and blooming—Isabel, white and weary—with almost equal enthusiasm.

"I shall get rid of a secret that has been an incubus on my spirits for the last week or so, to-day, my dear," he said, blithely, with his large hand on his wife's shoulder. "Not a bad secret, either, only I object to the class of thing on principle. It is just this, Isabel. And the worthy officer began to turn color, as if soliciting a favor. "It is your birthday, to-day, you know, of course; and the thought struck me that you had plenty of gewgaws, bracelets, and such trash, and didn't want any more from me. Well, there has that clever brother of yours been looking out for a practice some time, and Dr. Henner offered his for sale in the most opportune manner; and so—and so, you see, my dear, I did a little bit of business without consulting you, and Jim will be here to-day to look things over."

"You have bought Jim that splendid practice?" cried Isabel, while Millicent stood at the window, and said never a word.

"Splendid!—pooh, my dear! There's just this—the house was for sale, too, and I thought you would like your mother near you, and so I have had it furnished up a little. We will walk there after breakfast, and see if you think the old lady will like it. Why, Isabel, what is the matter?"

"I cannot bear it!" she sobbed. "I do not deserve your kindness, and you must not give it me! Cecil, scold me—be cross—ill-treat me—I could stand it better. No, don't touch me—don't look at me like that! You do not know—you cannot guess—how unworthy I am!"

Tears rose in his honest blue eyes at sight of those raining, pleading ones. He dashed them aside as he took her hands in his (Millicent had slipped through the window), and his voice was husky, though he cleared his throat.

"My little wife, have you never read my heart yet? I am not good in clothing it in language, but I think when one feels most, simple words are best, and very simple are these—I love you! If I love you, Isabel, can any pleasure for me be like the pleasure of pleasing you? Can any money be better spent than by bringing a smile to your face? Time, thoughts, energy—all I have of any value to give—are yours! You don't understand, child, for you have not learned to love me yet—perhaps never will. No, darling, don't turn away!" as she writhed in the anguish of her shame and penitence. "You told me how matters stood when I married you, and I thanked you then for giving me yourself, and I thank you again to-day. I have love enough for both; and as it is its nature to find outlet in words, it owes you a debt when you give it a chance of proving itself in deeds. Do you see, darling? Now, kiss your old husband, and come to breakfast. Where has Millicent flown?"

As Millicent dressed that evening, Mrs. Egerton entered with a face that startled her friends, so white and haggard was it in despair.

"Sydney is coming again to-night, Millicent," she began, abruptly, as she stood there, "and I must go with him. If I must break Cecil's honor and heart, I need not deceive him. The one thing I can do now is to be truthful; and better he should scorn and curse me, and free himself from me, than look lovingly and tenderly on the wife who is false to him in heart as I am now."

"You are not!" returned Miss Holt, decisively. "You are only mad! It is just a wicked glamour that evil man has cast over you!" She waited a moment; then, "You fancy you love Carew?"

"Millicent, you know—you know!" covering her agitated face with her hands; and the light caught the massive gold of the plain ring, and flashed in the diamonds of its keeper.

"And you are actually weak enough to fancy that he loves you?"

"If I could doubt that, half my misery would be at an end."

"Do you think Mr. Carew capable of loving two ladies with equal intensity? Do you believe in the depths and fidelity of a love that is given to two objects? In a word, judge by yourself—could you love Cecil and Sydney equally and at the same time?"

"Millicent, what are you torturing me for like this?"

"For the restoration of your reason, dear. You believe Mr. Carew to be a man of truth. You would not doubt a word you heard his own lips utter?"

"Millicent, I know he is true!"

"Well, then, sit in the conservatory at nine o'clock this evening—alone, mind—and listen, and draw your own conclusions. Now we will go down to dinner."

The dinner passed off—Colonel Egerton hearty, Mr. Carew fascinating, the ladies silent and beautiful.

On the colonel's being called away for a few moments after dinner, Carew strolled into the drawing-room, and saw no one there. Looking a little further, he discerned a white dress among the flower-beds and joined it.

Not Mrs. Egerton, as he had hoped, but Miss Holt, who stammered, and was flatteringly nervous at his sudden presence.

"Isn't it lovely?—the evening, I mean," she said, in her confusion.

"Very lovely. I do not mean the evening," he returned, with his bold gaze fixed on the face that crimsoned hotly at his pointed words. A few steps took them round to the conservatory, which was unlighted, with windows and door open, and Millicent sank on the garden seat outside it. When Carew's arm stole round her waist, she drew away slightly; and when he bent to whisper sweeter things than the flowers, she looked up, piteously, as she said:

"If I could only believe you! If I thought you meant one of the things you tell me!"

"When I tell you you are the sweetest and fairest and dearest in all the world to me, I mean each syllable I breathe! Words are too faint, Millicent, dearest dear. How shall I prove what you are cruel to doubt?"

"Am I dearest?" she asked, clearly. "I—I thought there was some one else you cared for."

"Never, I swear—never! How could I care for any girl after I had seen you?"

"But you saw her first; I mean Isabel—Mrs. Egerton."

He laughed aloud.

"If I had cared one straw for her, do you think I should have let her marry old Egerton? I could have had her for the asking, Millicent. No; she never touched my heart, though we had a certain amount of flirtation, *pour passer le temps*, once, I believe, and she may have been a trifle spooney on me—I can't say anything about that;—stroking his mustache fondly, and in ineffable conceit. "But no idea could be so wild as my being in love with Isabel Lister. I tell you, if I had been, I should have asked her to marry me. There was nothing to prevent my doing so."

"No; and you tell me on your honor you don't like her one bit now—don't love her, Sydney?"

"On my honor, I don't. What a persistent little jealous mortal you are! I'll take any oath you like about it that will satisfy you. Spooney on Isabel Egerton? Not likely, if I did not admire Isabel Lister, for she has gone off frightfully; never saw a woman looking worse. Dark beauties are not my taste; golden hair is my ideal."

And he laid a soft touch on Millicent's uncovered head, but the girl started up in confusion.

"Some one is coming—I hear rustling!" she gasped, as adroitly she escaped his detaining hand; and into the midst of the deserted lover's fuming came his host's cheery call, "Carew, where are you, old fellow? Here is Jim Lister put in an appearance at last."

The colonel was as nearly out of temper as history had ever recorded his being. He was striding up and down his study, alternately staring from the window, and facing the well-built, gentlemanly young fellow who was seated in the chair by the table, and annoying him sadly.

"If I call you a downright fool, Jim, I should be very near the truth, to throw up a good home and a practice you've just settled into, for a sudden freak of going abroad. Abroad, indeed! Take my advice, who have seen a few countries, and stop where you are well off. If I called you madman, I should not overshoot the mark!"

"I am deeply grieved to requite your generosity thus," began the other, sadly, though firmly; and the colonel interrupted him with speed.

"Generosity be hanged! You know I don't mean that. You know I'm not such a mean devil as to throw a paltry thing in a man's teeth; and generosity there was none. I wanted my wife's relations near her, and I thought I was able to arrange it; but it seems she isn't to have them, poor girl!"

Jim's word "generosity" had rather checked the colonel's eloquence.

"If my mother would stay on in the house—"

"But you know she won't if you go. You know she will follow her darling boy to the North Pole. Poor Isabel! it is hard on her. She has only one mother and one brother, and neither of them will stay in the same country with her."

Lister could not resist a smile at the tone more than the words; then he made an effort, a great one, for reserve was as natural to him as candor to his brother-in-law.

"I owe it to you, Egerton, to tell you the motive for my incomprehensible freak, and I



can trust your silence, I know. Well, it is only the old thing."

"A woman to blame," said the colonel, in the quickest sympathy grasping his hand. "Who the deuce is it, my friend? Never mind her."

"She isn't just what I fancy, that's all" (wincing under his own words). "It is Miss Holt; and I chanced to hear her spooning with that puppy, Carew; and I hadn't quite imagined her that sort, that's all. Nothing new. It is months ago; but I'm such a fool I can't get over it as long as she is near, so I'm bound to try a little change of air, you see."

"You are hard hit, and I'm deuced sorry for you" (with a wring of the hand he held). "Millicent Holt, I never fancied her that style, though I remember it did strike me she was a little soft on Carew—moonlight stroll once—but it has come to nothing. Perhaps you've made a mistake, Lister?"

Jim shook his head.

"A man can't mistake his own eyes and ears. Well, you'll keep it quiet, colonel, and you understand now why I leave you?"

"More than understand—more than understand. I know what it is to be in love myself, you know. Well, good-by, old man. Not a soul shall hear a syllable but my wife. I've no secrets from Isabel."

Mrs. Egerton rose from her piano, and nervously faced her husband and Millicent as Jim Lister entered the room.

"Stop where you are, please, all of you, a moment. I have something to say I want you all to hear."

Millicent looked up in startled alarm, and the colonel cried, quickly, "Are you ill?"

She was steady herself by the chair in her hand, and her sweet face was blanched one moment and hectic the next; yet her eyes were raised straight and true, and her voice was clear as a bell.

"I am quite well, Cecil. I am only too cowardly to make the confession I have done harm by not making before. Be quiet, Millicent," as Miss Holt stole to her side and imploringly whispered. "I know what is right at last. I have wronged you terribly, Cecil, from the very first, for though I told you I did not love you, I hid back that I loved some one else, and that some one Sydney Carew."

She turned away as she gave him the shock, and her words came fast and desperately.

"He treated me so badly, I thought I could learn to hate him, until you asked him here, Cecil. Of course you did not know. Then he told me he had loved me always, and did still—that I had been mistaken and deceived. Anything he told me; and I was so wicked, so base, I listened; and when he asked me to go away with him, I was so mad, I should have done it but for Millicent, who saved me. She told me he was false in every word; and because, in my blind infatuation, I would not believe it for her saying, she led him on to make love to her, that I might hear from his own lips the kind of man that he really was. Do you all quite understand this?" looking round imploringly at the faces that not one was turned towards her.

"For my sake alone, Millicent did what was the very hardest thing for her true nature to do—pretended to like what inwardly she revolved from, and let Mr. Carew say words to her that I, standing in the conservatory, might overhear and have my madness cured by. They did cure me, of course; and then Millicent told him just a word or two that have made his visits cease. She has saved my life from worse than death—for the first time her voice broke in emotion—and it is very little return for her unselfishness to tell you the truth you ought to know—what a weak, wicked, despicable wife and sister you have been treating as if she were worthy of your affection."

As she ceased speaking she stood waiting; but no sound came from any of her hearers.

Then, slowly, Millicent, and then Lister, stole from the room, and Isabel made her greatest effort and went up to her husband, standing fixedly gazing from the window where her ferns still stood.

She did not touch him; she clasped her hands tight to suppress the pain, and her sweet voice was only a faltering whisper as she said: "Cecil, now you have heard it all—what you ought to have known before—what do you wish me to do? Of course, my—my falseness has killed all your love, as Sydney's did mine. Whatever you think best I will do. If you want me to go away—"

Then her voice choked and she must needs stop.

He turned, with his honest, manly love shining through the pain in his face.

"My wife!" he said, simply; and her heart bounded at the touch of his strong hand on her shoulder; "you can never have known real love if you fancy that a brave confession of a weakness repented of can shake it. My love is part of my life, and can only end with it. I think, had you even left me, I could only have suffered and loved you still."

He paused a moment, then went slowly on:

"I wronged you more than I thought, child, in pressing you to marry a man you did not care for. I hoped you knew that the strength of my love would have forced for itself some return—in time. Well, well, I was wrong; but now, Isabel, we can only make the best of our lives as they are. Always tell me everything, child; have no fear of me; and don't imagine me expecting anything more than you feel inclined to give. As I told you before, I have love enough for both, and we will be content with that."

He passed his arm round her trembling, sobbing figure, as a tender father might do; then she laid her head on his breast, and a light in the gray, upturned eyes startled him.

"My husband—my generous, noble, loved husband!" she whispered; "do you think the contrast between the villainy of the man I fancied I loved and the noble truth of the man who loves me has taught me nothing? Do you

think I could ever have gained courage to tell you my folly—do you think there would have been the agony there was in lowering myself in your eyes if I had not learned in these past months to love you—love you, Cecil?"

#### YELLOW FEVER IN MEMPHIS.

ALTHOUGH day after day new cases of yellow fever and additional deaths are reported in Memphis, there is quite a general feeling that even if the affliction should last until frost sets in its range will be very much restricted and its ravages few in comparison with those of last season. The authorities are fighting the fever bravely. Cities and towns on the lines of communication with Memphis very promptly established a strict quarantine at the first outbreak. Many of the cases this year have proved very slight, readily yielding to the prescribed treatment. The streets and alleys were never so clean or in so good sanitary condition as at present, and Bayou Gayoso was never so free from foul matter or odors. Because the city is almost depopulated no filth or garbage is produced, and the late rains have washed out the streets, alleys, and bayou. The erroneous statements in Northern journals as to the present filthy condition of the city are incorrect in almost every respect.

From these facts a strong probability may be deduced that the fever will be localized in the main, the cases appearing in other places being of successful refugees or persons engaged in steamship traffic. The Howard Association is at work, but have not yet been obliged to solicit outside aid. The Safety Patrol, an organization effected for the purpose of scouring the suburbs and preventing the flight of panic-stricken citizens, is doing a vast service in confining the fever to the city.

On Wednesday, August 6th, the weather was intensely hot, just the state for the breeding of the fever, and twenty-two new cases and four deaths were reported. On the 6th the Secretary of War ordered 500 army-tents to be sent to Memphis for the use of fever refugees in camp, with the understanding that they are to be paid for by the National Board of Health, if upon investigation it shall appear that the latter has funds available for that purpose. The Board of Health at New Orleans, on August 7th, then adopted a resolution declaring that there was not a single case of yellow fever in the city or environs; that in its opinion there is no danger of an epidemic arising this Summer from past or future cases, should such occur, and that the Board will use the strictest and most unrelenting vigilance against the introduction of foreign cases. The resolution suggested that quarantines against New Orleans be removed.

On the 8th John Johnson, Superintendent of Quarantine, and D. A. Porter, Chief Executive of Memphis, issued an order to inspecting and police officers that until further orders they shall not permit any person to be landed at that port or to enter the town by any road who has not had yellow fever and in addition cannot give satisfactory assurances that he will be able to provide for himself.

Dr. Jerome Cochrane, of Mobile, arrived at Memphis on the 8th, having been ordered there by the National Board of Health to take charge of affairs as the representative of the National Board, during the temporary absence of Dr. R. W. Mitchell, who has gone to Washington. The fever was officially declared epidemic on the 9th. This action was rendered necessary by the spread of the plague in the latter part of the week, twenty-two cases being reported on the 8th. A large majority of the cases this year have been among the colored people.

Nearly all the cases in New York and Philadelphia have been traced to infection in Havana. The strictest precautions have been taken by the health authorities of each city, and the sickness has been confined to those who reached the ports under its preliminary influence.

#### THE LATE HENRY D. PALMER.

FUNERAL services over the remains of the late Henry D. Palmer, the well-known theatrical manager, who died in London on July 19th, were held in the Church of the Annunciation, in West Fourteenth Street, New York, on Wednesday morning, August 6th. As early as 9:30 A. M. groups of ladies and gentlemen began to arrive at the church, so that half an hour later, the time fixed upon for the funeral, the pews were all occupied, excepting those set apart for the mourners and the pallbearers. In the main aisle were seated Edwin Booth, E. A. Sothern, Joseph Jefferson, William J. Florence, William Davidge, Daniel Harkins, John Vincent, John Duff, A. M. Palmer, Signor Operi, Edward Gilmore, Samuel Colville, John T. Raymond, Maurice Grau, Harry French, Noah Brooks, William Winter, Clark Bell, Samuel Carpenter, ex-Warden Johnson of the Tombs, E. L. Tilton, Imre Kiralfy, Jerome Buck, T. B. Pugh, R. Cornell White, A. Oakley Hall, Lawrence Jerome, L. J. Vincent, Hermann, the magician, John Lydecker, James Collier, Dr. Hull, Captain Fuller, George Roberts, Mme. Ponisi, Mrs. Seymour, Mlle. Bonfanti, Helen Tracy, and Kate Girard. The special ushers were Charles Irving Jones, chief usher of Booth's Theatre; Samuel Lynch, of the Madison Square Garden; Edward D. Cutler, of the Fifth Avenue Theatre; A. M. Kingsland, of the Standard Theatre, and W. M. Addler, of the Brooklyn Theatre.

The only floral display was an offering of Mrs. Barney Williams, which consisted of a design of camellias and tube-roses, in the form of an open book, on one page being the initials, "H. D. P.," and on the other the significant word "Finis." This was placed on the altar, immediately in front of a brazen cross. The coffin with the remains had lain, since their arrival on this side of the ocean, in a room of the church. It was a heavy lead coffin, inclosed in a handsome live-oak case, the solidity and plainness of which bespoke its English origin. The coffin-plate, which was very large and massive, bore the inscription: "Henry D. Palmer, born September 28th, 1832; died July 19th, 1879."

The congregation seated, Organist A. A. Wild played a low and solemn voluntary, which gradually merged into the procession. "In the hour of trial," which was taken up by the choir of boys and men, who slowly filed out from the chancel-room and down the east aisle. At the church entrance they turned and walked towards the altar, followed by the Rev. Dr. William J. Seabury, the rector, who read the burial service. Behind him were ten men bearing the casket. Following the coffin were the pallbearers: A. Wright Sanford, Douglas Taylor, Charles J. Wahlers, John McCollough, Henry Wilder Allen, John H. Draper, Benjamin Gurney and George Fawcett Rowe.

The Rev. Dr. Seabury read the lesson, beginning at the twentieth verse of the fifteenth chapter of Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians. Following this Mr. William Raymond, the tenor of the San Francisco Minstrels, sang the aria, "Be Thou Faithful unto Death," from Mendelssohn's oratorio, "St. Paul," followed by the full chorus from the same work, "Wake, Sleepers, Wake!" This was

followed by the singing of the hymn, "Rock of Ages," Mr. E. De Kay Townsend singing the last two verses as a baritone solo. Then the prayer was read, and the congregation was dismissed, the choir singing as a recessional, "Oh, mother dear, Jerusalem."

The remains were interred in Greenwood Cemetery.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### The Khedival Change in Egypt.

On the afternoon of July 26th, His Highness Prince Tewfik, after having been notified of his appointment as Khédive of Egypt in place of his father, deposed, was escorted with great ceremony to the citadel at Cairo, where he held two receptions, the first for the Ministers of State and the heads of the various churches, and the second for the diplomatic body. To each class of dignitaries he read the telegram from the Sultan announcing his elevation to the vice-regal throne, and was warmly congratulated. His father, the ex-Khédive, embarked with the harem on board his immense steam-yacht, and made the voyage to Naples, where he engaged spacious apartments pending his decision regarding a permanent place of residence. It has been rumored that in his flight he carried with him a vast quantity of national money and property, but official denials have been made. His departure from Egypt was quite theatrical in character, but produced no unusual excitement, the event being apparently anticipated by the knowing ones. On August 3d the new Khédive received a telegram from the Sultan of Turkey, demanding that permission be given the ex-Khédive, Ismail Pasha, to return to Egypt and reside at Alexandria or Damietta. The British and French Consuls General advised the Khédive to defer his reply until they had consulted their Governments on the subject.

##### First Sea Voyage of the Prince of Wales's Sons.

Prince George of Wales and Prince Albert Victor, the sons of the Prince of Wales, who are undergoing a thorough naval education, having completed their two years' course of instruction on H. M. S. *Britannia*, have been ordered to the regular sea cruise prescribed for all young officers. After enjoying a well-deserved vacation, the royal sailors will embark, in September, on H. M. S. *Bacchante*, which has been fitted out for this particular service, continuing their studies under the same circumstances as other cadets. A second captain is to be appointed to the *Bacchante*, besides her commanding officer, Captain Lord Charles Scott, in order to assist in their instruction, while the voyage of the corvette will be of such a nature as to embrace most of the principal seaports of the world. She proceeds in the first place to the West Indies and Canada, and will thence, in all probability, steer south and double Cape Horn. The *Bacchante* is a fine iron corvette cased with wood, and registers 4,130 tons. The lads are uncommonly bright; they attend strictly to the routine of their naval studies and duties, and have been favorites with their instructors and classmates since their first appearance on the school-ship.

##### The Launch of the Floating Dike Gate at Ferrol.

Spanish engineers, under the direction of Don Andres Avelino Comerma, have for some time past been engaged in extensive works for the improvement of the harbor of Ferrol. Among these constructions is the Dique de la Campana, which was to be closed by a floating gate, a vessel of very peculiar form and action, as our illustration shows. The launch of this vessel, which was alone needed to complete the great work, was hailed with great enthusiasm in all that part of Spain. The immense marine arsenal of Ferrol, covering nearly twenty-four acres with a basin and docks, and these latest improvements, is now one of the finest in Europe, the fishing-village of the last century having, by the study and skill of Spanish engineers, been rendered a formidable fortified bulwark of the kingdom on the north.

##### The Chilean Army at Calama.

Señor J. A. de Lavalle, Peruvian Minister to Brazil, now in the United States, speaking of the present struggle between the Chileans on the one hand and the Peruvians and Bolivians on the other, admits that the Chileans have the advantage for naval operations in the number and strength of their men-of-war. Their army numbers some 15,000 men, while that of the allies contains 45,000. The Presidents of Peru and Bolivia, according to the terms of the alliance, have exclusive control over the armies when operating in their respective countries, and should the exigencies of war compel a mustering of the armies in one country the Presidents are to co-operate in directing the movements. Thus far all the conflicts have been on the water, where the Peruvian ironclad *Huascar* has had matters pretty much its own way. Our first opportunity for seeing a beligerent land-force is afforded by the sketch of the arrival of a division of the Chilean Army at Calama.

##### Proving Claims to Land in New Zealand.

The great bulk of the land in the North Island is still held by the Maoris. As some very valuable blocks are lying quite useless, it becomes from time to time the object of the Government to purchase them. Before this can be done the rightful owner, of course, has to be ascertained, and this is often a most intricate and difficult matter. Government officers are sent to the district to hear all claims, and their inquiry furnishes the subject of our illustration. The Government officials are seated at a table in the centre, taking an abstract of the evidence submitted. An energetic and demonstrative Maori, tomahawk in hand, is narrating the history of his claim from the time of the arrival of his ancestors from Hawaiki to the present day. The other natives sitting or standing around are also claimants or in some way interested in the land.

##### Gambetta's Fete of July 14th.

The entertainment given by President Gambetta at the famous Palais Bourbon, his official residence, on July 14th, was a most memorable affair. The cost, estimated at \$30,000, was defrayed by two ardent Republican ladies. The palace was lighted by electricity, adorned by statuary bronzes from the national galleries, and the walls in many places covered with rich tapestries, borrowed from the Louvre and the various city palaces. Long lines of soldiery held the way clear for the guests. Inside the hallways lackeys lined the corridors, in gold and green liveries. The guests, on entering, delivered their cards to an official in waiting. These cards were of different colors, and a marked discrimination was made in the bestowal of the persons presenting them. The company was divided into three classes. The first went into the reserved salons, the second distributed themselves almost at random, while the third were not admitted to the general salons until all the second and first were safely bestowed for the concert and ballet. From nine o'clock until ten Gambetta remained at the principal entrance, shaking hands and telling the first-class guests how glad he was to see them. At ten President Grévy arrived. Gambetta conducted him into the concert-hall, where the favored persons had been surreptitiously borne some time previously. After the concert there was a dramatic representation by Coquennet, the first comic actor of the Comédie Française, just returned from London. It was half-past one when this part of the entertainment closed, and an interval of an hour was given for refreshment. A ballet began at half past two and lasted until four.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THERE are sixty life prisoners confined in the Kentucky State Penitentiary.

—THE wheat crop in Kentucky, this year, is from eight to ten per cent. above that of last year.

—It is believed that the wheat crop of Minnesota this year will amount to 40,000,000 bushels.

—THE Tennessee University at Knoxville is about to have endowed a chair of athletics and gymnastics.

—CONSUL-GENERAL BRADFORD, at Shanghai, has resigned his position, and his resignation has been accepted.

—THE Texas five-per-cent. bonds issued to make up the deficiency in her revenue are selling at and slightly above par.

—IN North Staffordshire 3,400 colliers have already struck against a proposed reduction of wages, which affects 17,000 persons.

—THERE are to be field manoeuvres on a large scale in Russia this Summer. No less than 260,000 men, with 880 guns, are to take part.

—THE total valuation of real and personal property in Boston for the year 1879 is \$612,253,600, a decrease of \$18,192,200 from last year.

—AN emigration association has been formed at Sheffield for the purpose of aiding workmen to obtain a livelihood in the Western States of America.

—THE Spanish bishops, at the request of the Government, have agreed to temporarily relinquish a quarter of their stipends to relieve the public finances.

—A RECENTLY-ENACTED law in Galveston provides that any employer who shall force an employé to labor on Sunday shall be liable to a fine of fifty dollars.

—THE Mississippi Valley Emigration Company have sent an agent to New York to look into the matter of securing good white labor for the Southern plantations.

—RUSSIA is about to inform the Powers that she has fulfilled her part of the Treaty of Berlin, and that steps ought to be taken to make Turkey comply with her obligations under it.

—THE Southern Historical Society will convene at Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, August 15th, and General Chalmers will deliver an address before it on "Forrest and his Campaigns."

—THE Supreme Court of North Carolina has decided that dogs are not property in that State. According to the report of the Commissioner of Agriculture dogs cost the State \$6,000,000 annually.

—VIRGINIA creepers are being planted by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company on the hillside along their tracks. It is done to prevent land-slides, and will add greatly to the beauty of the scenery.

—KING MENELIX, who rules over the southern portion of Abyssinia, has sent a letter to the British Anti-slavery Society, announcing that he has abolished the slave-trade throughout his dominions.

—ACCORDING to the new German law court regulations, which are to come into operation on the 1st of October next, German will be the only language which can be used before the tribunals of the Empire.

—INVITATIONS have been sent by the various branches of the Amalgamated Engineers' Society to the strikers in Bradford, England, and nearly 300 engineers are coming to the United States and Canada to remain.

—THE Landrath of the Canton of Uri, Switzerland, has voted in favor of the restoration of capital punishment for murder and for arson when involving a loss of life. As this is a provisional law, it will require to be ratified by a plebiscite.

—THE losses by fire in the United States during the first six months of this year amounted to \$47,026,800, which is \$15,500,000 more than at the same period last year. It is also from \$7,500,000 to \$15,000,000 over the losses in 1875, 1876 and 1877.

—THE French Chamber has been lately called upon to consider the question of the abolition of an old law passed more than sixty years ago, and now entirely unobserved, obliging all work to be suspended and all shops shut on Sunday. To the mass the existence of such a law was unknown.

—CUSTER's battlefield on the Little Big Horn River, Montana, is to be incorporated into a national cemetery. Orders from the War Department, just issued, direct that a survey of the site be made at once, and that the Commanding General, Department of Dakota, announce the miles and bounds in orders.

—THERE is a movement afoot to celebrate the surrender of Cornwallis, at Yorktown, Va., with unusual pomp in October, in order to begin preparations for a grand centennial celebration in 1881, which shall be a crowning demonstration of the series of centennials which began at Concord and Lexington in 1875.

—BRISTOL is perhaps the only city in the world with two mayors, two city governments, police, etc., and that is taxed in two States. The line between Tennessee and Virginia is in the centre of Main Street, and it gives rise to many funny scenes, as, for example, a runaway couple need no coach and four, but arm in arm step across Main Street and are wedded. The fugitive commits a crime in Virginia, goes to the pavement on the other side of the street and talks defiantly to the officer, on the opposite side, who has a warrant for his arrest. A stumble or a too bold disposition will sometimes, however, bring him to grief.

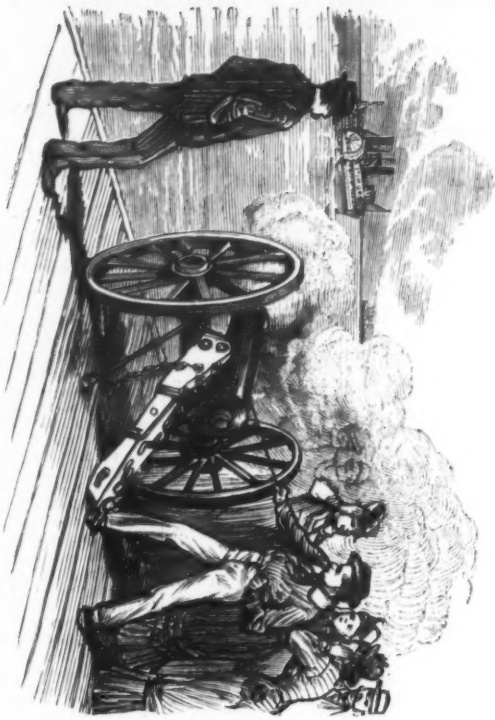
—M. VERNARD DE ST. ANNE, the originator of the project for bridging the English Channel, promises to commence operations without delay. He estimates that it will require seven months for experiment, and that 1,000,000 francs will suffice to pay the preliminary expenses. To raise funds he has laid the project before the French and Belgian Chambers of Commerce. Eighty-four of these have already expressed themselves in favor of the project. He will visit England shortly to lay the matter before the English Government. To span deep water he has recourse to the tubular system similar to that employed in the case of the bridge between New York and Brooklyn.

—WHEN a Chinese has, by his services, merited a title of nobility, his son neither has nor ever will have the right to use any title except that immediately inferior to it; and thus the nobility goes on diminishing in the family from generation to generation, until it becomes completely extinct, unless one of its members renders to his country a signal service, and thus reinstates himself in the title originally granted to his ancestor. This ingenious combination gives to the nobility an ever-growing emulation, a desire to render service to their country great in proportion as the family title is diminishing, because it is more dishonorable to see this heritage declining in their hands than never to have possessed it.





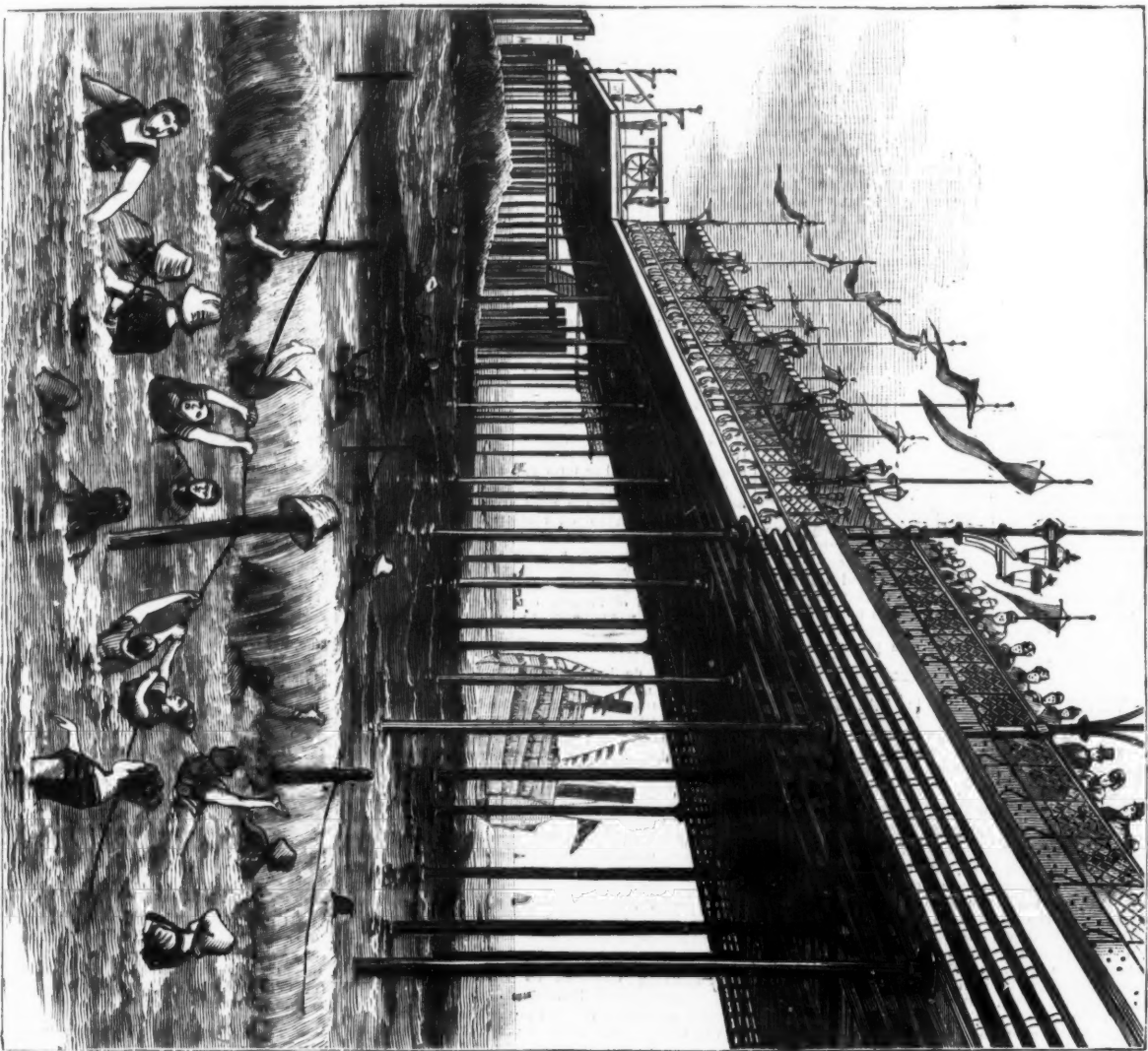
THE STEAMER "PLYMOUTH ROCK" LANDING PASSENGERS AT THE NEW PIER.



PIRING A SALUTE FROM THE PIER.



A SAND BATH ON THE BEACH.



BATHING IN THE SHADE BENEATH THE PIER.



CHILDREN SPORTING IN THE SAND.



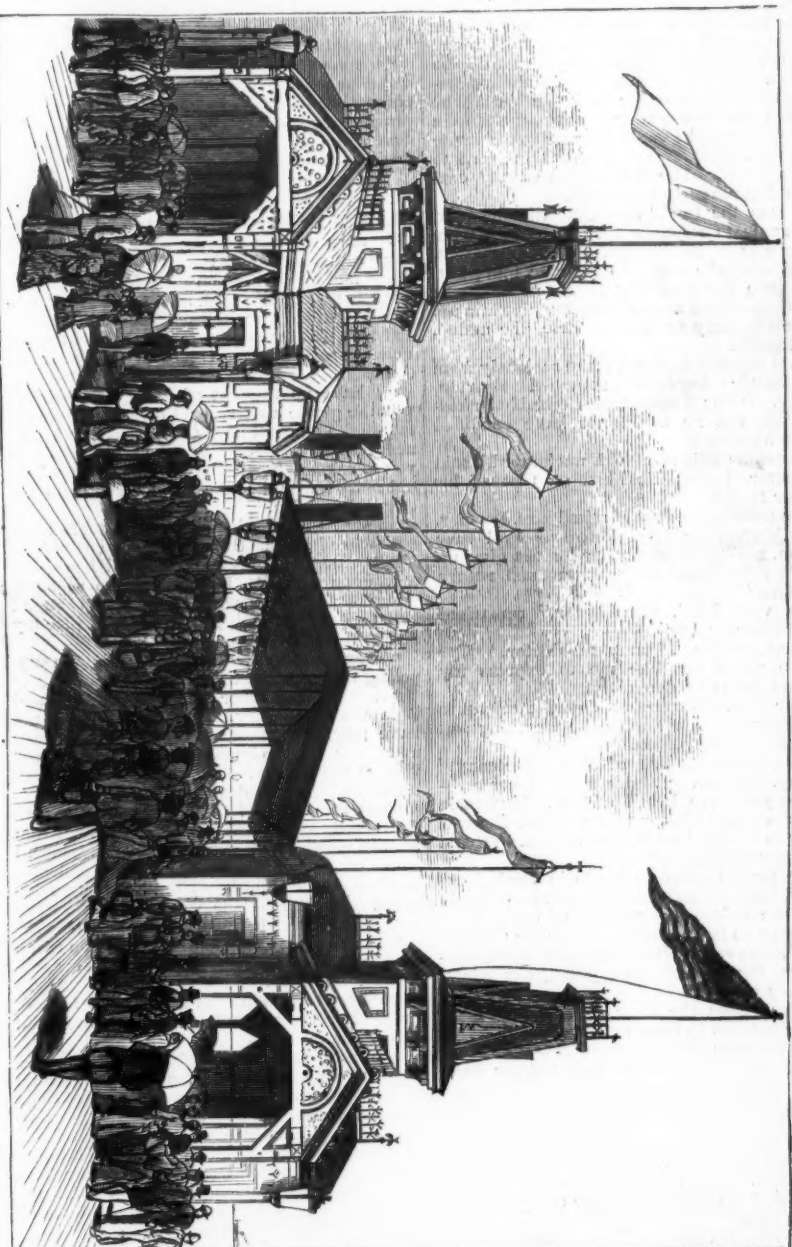
VISITORS SUNNING THEMSELVES AFTER A BATH.

NEW JERSEY.—OUR POPULAR SUMMER RESORTS—THE NEW TUBULAR IRON PIER AT LONG BRANCH, OPPOSITE THE OCEAN HOTEL.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 415.

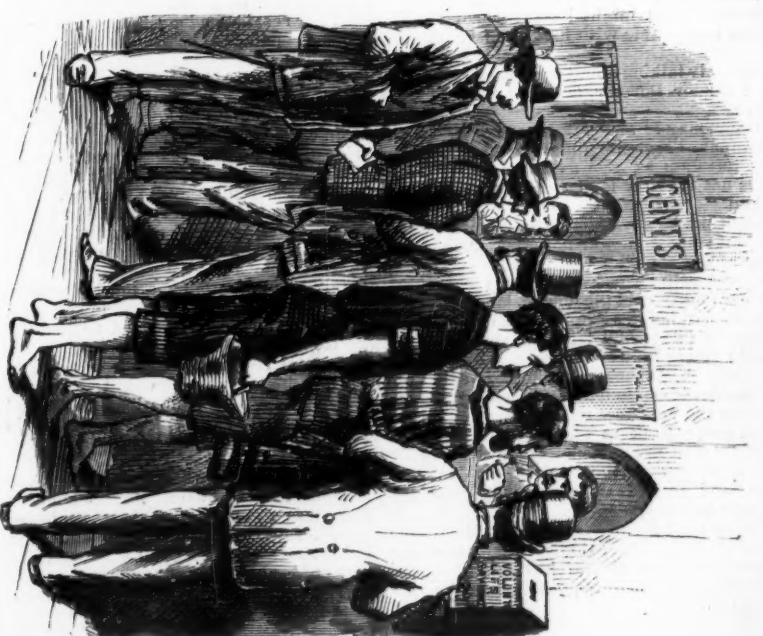




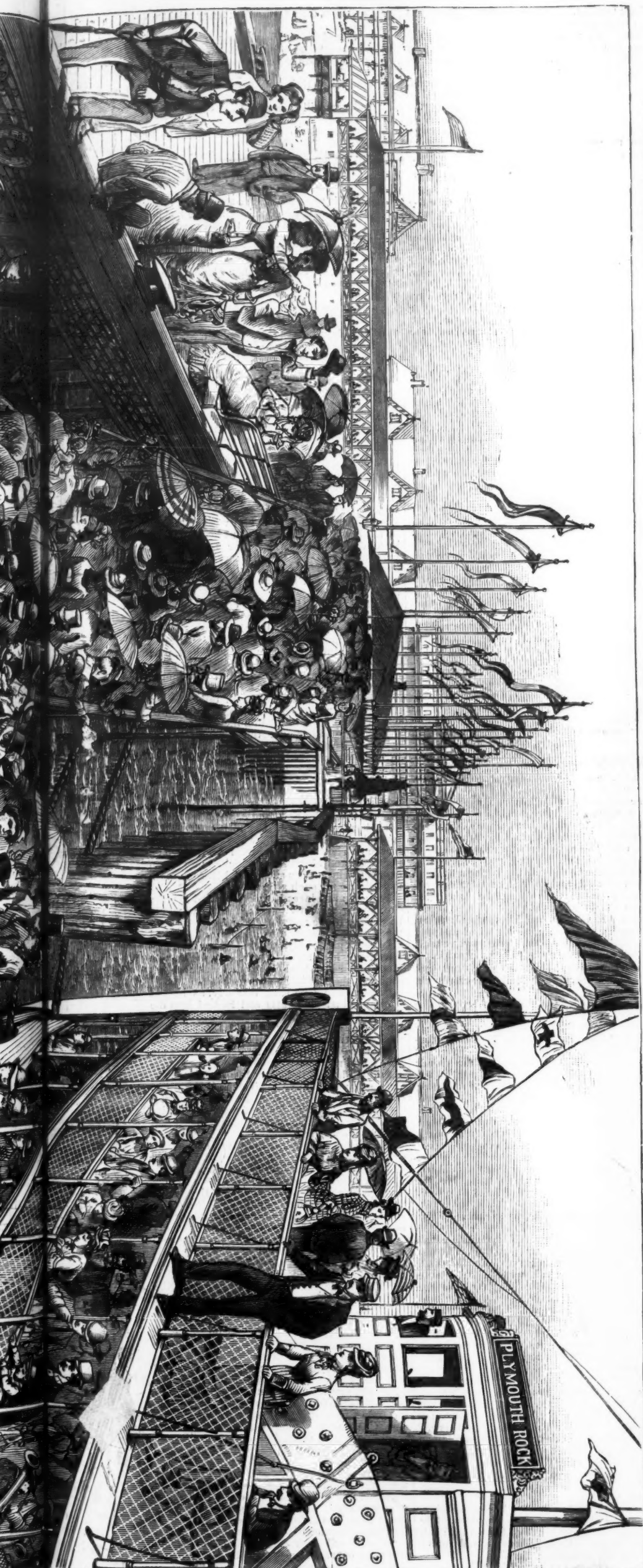
LADIES HIRING BATHING-SUITS.



ENTRANCE TO THE PIER FROM OCEAN AVENUE.



BATHERS RECEIVING THEIR VALUABLES FROM THE DEPOSIT SAFE.





## CHANCE.

A WORD unspoken, a hand unpressed,  
A look unseen or a thought unguessed,  
And souls that were kindred may live apart,  
Never to meet or know the truth,  
Never to know how heart beat with heart  
In the dim past days of a wasted youth.

She shall not know how his pulses leapt  
When over his temples her tresses swept;  
As she leaned to give him the jasmine wreath  
She felt his breath, and her face flushed red  
With the passionate love that choked her breath,  
And saddens her life now her youth is dead.

A faded woman who waits for death,  
And murmurs a name beneath her breath;  
A cynical man who scoffs and jeers  
At women and love in the open day,  
And at night-time kisses, with bitter tears,  
A faded fragment of jasmine spray.

## CECIL CARLISLE.

## CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED).

THE luncheon was a merry one. Sir Eric Egerton threw off the gloom that had oppressed him, and, though he made no effort to shine, shone brilliantly. The children were too well trained to make themselves prominent, and, if a little tongue was inclined to outrun discretion, a look from one of the elders enforced instant silence.

After luncheon the children went out for a walk, and Cecil, who often went with them, remained in the drawing-room with the doctor and his wife and the guest. She withdrew presently, however, in order to leave those who were old friends together for a time; and then Egerton informed Doctor Dormer and his wife of the true state of the case with regard to Egerton Royal. The doctor was deeply concerned, but scarcely surprised.

"It was the turf," he said, "that brought your uncle to ruin. I am sure, while your mother was at the head of his establishment, she did what she could to restrain him; but, when once the gambling fever, in whatever form, seizes upon a man, one may give him up. You must marry an heiress, Eric," he added, more lightly.

"That counsel does not come seriously from you, Doctor Dormer," returned Egerton, gravely. "No; Themistocles ennobled road-sweeping, but he could not have ennobled fortune-hunting."

"The same Eric as of old, unchanged," said the doctor, laying his hand on that of his younger friend.

"Can nothing be done?" asked Mrs. Dormer. "Nothing, dear Mrs. Dormer," said Eric Egerton, sadly but sternly. "I must give up father's inheritance to strangers, and return to Vienna."

"It's very hard, very bitter," remarked Mrs. Dormer. "I wish—"

"What, my dear?" asked the doctor.

"Eric might not like me to express my thought," said she, demurely.

"Dear Mrs. Dormer, no thought of yours concerning me could ever be anything but kind," declared Egerton.

"Well, I was thinking of Miss Courtenay," said Mrs. Dormer. "She is a great heiress—perhaps you have heard of her? My cousin who lives near Oakeley told me that she was coming to England soon, and that she is said to be very handsome."

"She turned people's heads in Paris," remarked Egerton, indifferently, not choosing to repeat the mercenary counsel of his mother. "But pray do not build castles for me; I shall be in Vienna when Miss Courtenay is at Oakeley, Mrs. Dormer, even supposing she would stoop to a poor *attaché*."

As she spoke the door opened, and Cecil Carlisle entered in time to catch the last few words. She was about to withdraw instantly; but the doctor called to her, and Sir Eric, rising and approaching her, begged her on no account to so wrong him as to suppose that he wished her absent.

"You are kind to say so," she said, smiling; "but, you know, Sir Eric, politeness is not always truth. You would not like to say that to me, but I can take advantage of my sex and say it to you."

"It is true in this case, Miss Carlisle, believe me," answered Egerton, gravely; and it was.

The most cynical of men could not have found an atom of coquetry in Cecil as she uttered words which might have seemed in the abstract chargeable with that often cruel folly.

"We were only talking about a great heiress, dear," said Doctor Dormer, drawing the girl to his side.

"Miss Courtenay?" she interrogated. "I was so fortunate, or so unfortunate, as to catch the name; but I am as wise as I was before. My fate has not cast my lot among heiresses. I wish it had."

"You might not be any happier for it, Cecil."

"Maybe not; but I should not mind trying it—by way of a change."

"That's just what we have been recommending Eric to do," said the doctor, laughing. "To marry an heiress?" questioned Cecil, laughing too. "I see; and Miss Courtenay is the fortunate young lady?"

"More likely a Viennese princess," said Egerton, "unless Miss Courtenay turns up at Vienna within the next few months."

"Are you going back to Vienna at once?" asked Cecil. "You are a model landlord!"

She was leaning over the back of the doctor's chair, and looked up quizzically into Egerton's face as she spoke.

"There is no need for my talents in that capacity, Miss Carlisle," he said, gently; "the land is mortgaged up to the hilt, and the mortgagee will foreclose in a month." Cecil's face flushed crimson.

"Sir Eric," she said, hurriedly, "I beg your pardon; I did not—"

"Miss Carlisle, the exculpation is not necessary."

"I am so sorry," she said, in the same low tone. "I know what it must be to lose lands that have been in one family for generations."

She moved away. Too strong an expression of sympathy seemed unsuited to so short an acquaintance, and might only pain where it was meant to soothe. If Cecil Carlisle had been more conscious of her power, she would have known that the sympathy of a beautiful woman can never be misplaced.

That was a pleasant evening, and so were many others that followed it. Eric Egerton could not—even in Cecil's presence—forget that the lands of his fathers were to pass into the hands of strangers; but he sought her society the more eagerly because it was the one thing that beguiled him; all other pleasure seemed "flat, stale and unprofitable."

The business with the family lawyer kept him in town for more than a fortnight, and most of his spare time was spent in Upper Berkeley Street, where he was a great favorite with the children, and sure always of the warmest welcome, from Doctor Dormer to the servant who opened the door. He shrank from other society, and shunned the places where he was likely to meet those who might recognize him. Cecil was passionately fond of music, and, though she frankly said she could not afford to go much into society, she must go to concerts. Egerton was often one of the party; and, fond as he was himself of music, it could scarcely be doubted that the charms of Cecil's company on these occasions outweighed even those of a concerto of Mendelssohn's or a symphony of Beethoven's. To his mother he only wrote that the business was progressing favorably, and that he was a great deal with the Dormers. He said nothing of Cecil Carlisle.

## CHAPTER III.

WHEN Sir Eric Egerton returned for a few days to the country, his mother once more attacked him on the score of the wealthy marriage, but found him inexorable.

"I believe," she said, at length, "that you have fallen in love with some penniless woman, and that that is making you obdurate, though I cannot see how you can marry on your income."

"I have no thought of doing so, mother," was the gentle answer. "I owe my first duty to you. You shall never lack that my happiness may be secured. For the rest I must beg you to ask no questions. Whether I loved or did not, it would make no difference in my original decision."

She tried reproaches—she tried tears; but both were in vain. Egerton merely answered: "Mother, you only pain me, and heap sorrow upon sorrow. I am willing to sacrifice my own peace for you; is not that enough? Not to save your life would I sacrifice my honor."

"Then," she said, "I am right—right in supposing that now your heart fights against me."

"It ever did, mother, but honor more—and it is the same now. Only then I could not have married without love, and now I dare not. You wish to know more? I cannot tell you. I have been foolish, not sinning. I suffer alone. Let the dead past bury its dead."

"Can it? Will it? You were always self-depreciative, Eric. You are not a man that women regard with indifference—ay, wince, I speak truth; and, if this girl is portionless—low-born she cannot be—you would never disgrace your birth—she would doubtless not love you the less because you are a baronet."

"Mother," said Egerton, sternly, "you reach the limits of my forbearance when you breathe a word against the woman I love. Nay, I have heard enough. Pray let this subject drop. For the present, good-morning;" and he left the room.

The next day at breakfast he announced that he was going up to London to bid farewell to the Dormers. He should return the same night, if possible, as in a few days the fore-closure would formally take place and the heir of the Egertons look his last on his fathers' home. Mrs. Egerton longed to ask some questions about the forbidden subject; but the manner in which her son had spoken sealed her lips.

"Very well," she said; "you lose your patrimony with a light heart, Eric."

He did not reproach her, but gently kissed her forehead and went out.

He did not reach London till the middle of the day, and repaired to Upper Berkeley Street about five o'clock.

"All out, sir," said the servant—"Miss Cecil and all. She's not with the children, sir; but, for certain, some one'll be home before long."

Egerton entered the dining-room, so full of memories of Cecil's presence, the room where he had waited for her less than a fortnight before to go to the Philharmonic Concert. Had he betrayed the truth to her that night? Oh, the misery of that thought! She would believe that he had trifled with her, and he could not explain—could not clear his name.

He walked up and down the long room, schooling himself to meet her—and part from her—perhaps for ever. He tried to face the worst. He dreaded to meet her alone.

If the mental vision of her, as he seemed to see her, with her earnest face and clear eyes and rippling tresses, made his heart beat and his lip tremble, what would his feelings be in her presence, when he must say the last words—the terrible eternal good-by?

He passed through what seemed hours of torture, and yet it was barely half an hour before there was a knock at the door. He heard the servant say that Sir Eric Egerton was in the dining-room. It was Cecil's sweet voice that answered, and the next moment she came into the room, throwing down her hat upon the table, and holding out her hand.

"Why did you not write?" she said. "The Doctor and Mrs. Dormer will not be in till ten

o'clock to-night. I am so sorry. Have you been waiting long?"

"Only half an hour, Miss Carlisle"—he had taken her hand for a moment, dropping it almost immediately. "Ten o'clock? I ought to leave London by that time."

"Going back to-night?" interrogated Cecil, pausing, and leaning over the back of the doctor's armchair, a favorite position with her.

"Yes; the mortgagee forecloses in another week," said Egerton, quietly. "I must be down there then. I leave for the Continent three days later. I am come to-day to say good-by."

His words in that room so short a time before, standing, as he stood now, by the mantelpiece, the very attitude of graceful ease the same, rushed back upon the girl's heart with overpowering force—"I never wish to see England again." For a moment self-command failed her. Her secret must have been read in her face if she had not bent it down over her hand, while she played with the rings on her fingers.

"You know how grieved I am for the reason that takes you away, Sir Eric," she said, after a pause, still not looking up—"how sorry we all are; but—but—cannot you remain to see the Doctor and Mrs. Dormer? They will be so deeply grieved to miss you."

"I am afraid not. I must see the agent the first thing to-morrow morning."

"But there is a train as late as eleven," urged Cecil; "could you not wait till ten?"

"I have other business to attend to this evening, Miss Carlisle."

"Then you could call again," she said, a little puzzled now.

Egerton was silent. He could not tell her that, once parted from her, he dared not incur the risk of meeting her again. Cecil spoke first.

"They will be so sorry," she said again; "and the children too—they were so fond of you. But they will be in shortly. Can you not wait for them?"

"I am afraid not. I wish I could have had more time. This is a very hurried, very unceremonious farewell; but I can only throw myself on your mercy. Will you tell the dear old doctor and his wife"—pausing, and then going on quickly—"how it grieved me that I could not fix a day beforehand to say good-by, nor wait to see them? I will write to them from Egerton Royal. And will you make my peace with the little ones?"

"Yes," she said, still keeping one hand on the back of the chair, and scarcely looking at him. "I will give all your messages."

"Thank you. And now good-by!"

She gave him both her hands, and, with one quick fleeting glance into his face, she said softly, and very quietly:

"Good-by!" Then gathering all her strength for one effort—one effort to wear the mask to the end—she added earnestly, "And Heaven prosper you, Eric Egerton!"

If he had spoken then, he must have revealed too much. He kissed her hands, dropped them, and turned to the door. With her soft profile half averted, she stood still by the old-fashioned chair, her hands clasped—ah, how tightly now, though he could not see the tension of the sinews!—over the back; and Eric Egerton paused and looked once more—for the last time—at the woman he loved, his hand on the door-handle.

He who had withstood his mother's tears, the pleadings of pride, all that had tempted him to sell his honor—hesitated now, paused, and then came back again to her very side.

"Cecil, one word—not of hope—not—not—oh, pardon—forgive! Cecil, how can I part from you?"

The blood rushed to the girl's brow; she gave one swift look into his face, wistful, questioning, and then stretched out her hands to him; and he clasped her to his breast, forgetting everything in those moments save that Cecil loved him. Alas, how soon the clouds followed the sunshine! Even as he lifted the sweet face to his and pressed the first kiss on her lips, he saw the grim shadow gliding between them.

"Cecil," he whispered, "my darling, I have wronged you. I dreaded the conflict in which I have been vanquished; and yet—yet—for I did not dream you loved me, Cecil—I thought I suffered alone. It is better that you should know the truth; you will not misjudge me now; and the parting may be for a time—not for ever."

"Part?" she said, clinging to him. "Why need that be?"

"Dear one, I am poor, and my mother has not been trained to bear poverty; she has been brought up in luxury. That is why I would not try to win you, why I should have left England without betraying my love for you. I dared not ask you to wait—perhaps for years—before I could claim you as my wife."

"I should be willing to wait," said Cecil, softly; "but your mother—will she ever welcome me, when she has hoped to see Miss Courtenay your wife?"

"Cecil, I could not wreck my life and yours because my mother has set her heart upon what never would have been. I would not meet Miss Courtenay. If—before I saw you—I had known I should meet her anywhere, I would have avoided that place lest perchance my heart should betray my honor."

"And now?" said Cecil, archly. "Now I should have no fear. They say she is very handsome. I shall know soon."

"How, Cecil?"

"I am going to her—to be her companion. A friend has obtained me the situation. She says Miss Courtenay is very kind, and I shall be very happy. She often travels, and then I might see you sometimes, Eric."

"When do you go to her, *chérie*?"

"The day after to-morrow. Eric, you will come and see me again at Oakeley Park before you leave England—you will be so near?"

"Cecil, you forget Miss Courtenay might not approve."

"She could not mind—she is young herself, not middle-aged and prim. I must see you once more," said the girl, earnestly; "promise to come."

"You know that you tempt me, Cecil. I promise."

"And you will wait now to see the doctor and his wife?"

"Yes—ah, Cecil, do not make me plead *peccavi*!"

The girl smiled, and, drawing him to a chair, sat down at his feet, and the hours flew on wings. The separation would not be for long, she said; he was so clever, he would soon rise higher in his career. And so her young hopeful spirit wove bright fancies; and he had not the heart to cast a black thread across the glowing woof.

It was a sorrowful parting with Doctor Dormer and his wife; and then there was the last clasp of Cecil's hand, and her steadfast, earnest look and whisper, "Remember"; and he was gone.

## CHAPTER IV., AND LAST.

THREE days before the foreclosure Sir Eric Egerton rode over to Oakeley Park. The very horse he bestrode would soon pass under the hammer, and he sighed as he caressed the arching neck of the noble animal. The lodge-keeper at Oakeley bowed low to the handsome fashionable gentleman. He wondered, with a bitter smile, if her courtesy would have been as profound if she had known that he was the ruined lord of Egerton Royal, that the spirited gray he managed so skillfully was not as much his own as a hired hack?

He rode on in the Summer twilight through a chestnut avenue, a mile in length, and drew rein before the mansion—a splendid old pile, with stately terraces and turrets and gables. His mother had wearied him with enlarging on the beauties of Oakeley; but he who might have owned all this splendor looked on it without envy. He thought more of the one jewel within that casket, though, like himself, alien to it, than of all that wealth and beauty could bestow.

Cecil had not, it seemed, counted in vain upon Miss Courtenay's kindness, as the servants had evidently had their orders. Eric's horse was immediately led to the stables, and he was conducted across a splendid hall, up a broad flight of marble stairs, and into a noble drawing-room, where the footman left him to carry his card to Miss Carlisle.

Egerton was left alone with tall mirrors, amber draperies, statues, pictures and flowers. Something more than a merely "pretty" taste had presided over the arrangement of this room—a fitting frame-work to Cecil's picture-like beauty, which had enriched even the dingy London interiors where he had hitherto seen her.

Through the partly-opened door he presently heard the rustle of silken garments, the door was pushed wider and Cecil came quickly in—Cecil, but transformed. Her richest dress had been black velvet. Now she was attired in a robe of rich blue satin, with costly lace on her neck and sleeves. She looked more than ever a "princess" as she stood before him—a meet figure for such a frame.

But satin and laces had not changed her, for she sprang forward to his arms as she would have done if the meeting-place had been Doctor Dormer's shabby dining-room, and she had not been a great lady's favorite—for that Miss Courtenay had taken a dangerously sudden fancy to her beautiful companion was manifest in the richness of her attire.

"Dear Cecil," he said, tenderly, as he put back the clustering curls and looked into the shining eyes, "do you think you will be happy here? Miss Courtenay cannot be jealous, for, verily, in the serge dress that you wore when I first saw you, you would outshine her, I am sure; and now—"

He held her off to look at her again.

"I see you admire me," she said, smiling. "Oh, I am sure I shall be happy! Miss Courtenay seems so fond of me; she denies me nothing. Don't look cynical, Eric, and don't look so sorrowful."

"Have I not enough to make me sorrowful, Cecil? But forgive me. In truth, if there could be a Lethe for my regrets it would be in your presence, Cecil."

He was a little surprised—nay, though he would not have owned it even to himself, a trifle pained—that she seemed so light-hearted. Did she divine it, that she glanced up so keenly into his face? If she did, it did not seem to produce any profound impression on her, for she drew herself from his embrace, retired a few steps, and said archly:

"What made you send up your card to Miss Carlisle?"

"Cecil, are you not here under your own name?"

"Certainly!" she laughed. "You think it a sorry time for jesting, when in three days your mortgagee will foreclose? Well, Miss Carlisle would not have seen you if she had had your card, which was given to me instead. I thought you must have made a mistake, because Miss Carlisle is fifty, and you don't know her. So I imagined—you know what Shakespeare says of a name—that Miss Courtenay would do rather better."

"Cecil, what am I to understand? You cannot mean—"

"That, if you knew where Miss Courtenay was, you would avoid that place—and yet you come here on purpose to see her, and meet her very warmly. Will you love me less, Eric, because I am Miss Courtenay, and not Miss Courtenay's companion?"

"Cecil, Cecil, how could you suffer me to win your heart under so terrible a mistake?" He sank down upon the sofa from which he had risen, covering his face. Cecil knelt before him, and drew away his hands, holding them in her own.



"A mistake," she said, in her clear, soft voice, looking unflinchingly into his face while she spoke, "that gained me a love unblemished by one thought of worldly advantage—a mistake that enabled me to redeem your father's lands. Nay, Eric, hear me out; you shall not rob me of this great privilege—am I not serving myself also? Do you fear the world? But you will not break your heart and mine for what scandal may say, when conscience acquits you. I called on your solicitor, Eric, on the day before I came down here. I told him the exact truth, and that in less than a week the mortgage would be redeemed, but that he was to say nothing to you. Only from my lips should you learn that Cecil Carlisle was Nina Cecil Courtenay."

He could only clasp her to his heart once more and bow his head on hers in uncontrollable agitation; and Cecil, smiling through tears and weeping through smiles, clung to him and whispered softly:

"Ah, you wondered why I was so light-hearted when we were parting for so many years! You thought I was weaving girlish fancies when I foresaw so bright a future for you, Eric; but you know all now; and I—I know now the value of wealth, for all that I have is thine."

"Cecil, hush! Your love was all I sought—nay, I did not dare to seek even that—I cannot suffer."

"Me to do as I will with my own?" interrupted Cecil, archly. "But it is too late. Presently—and she colored a little—and her head drooped—"you may take the high tone—not now."

"Never, Cecil; but of that another time. Tell me what induced you to assume a disguise and live as you were living when I met you?"

"Eric, will you think me very eccentric? Well, it was this. I was my father's pet and only child, heiress to great wealth, and of gentle birth. Every one petted me and spoiled me. You think that last could not be. So at least your smile says; but you are prejudiced. So was every one about me, though from different motives. I grew weary of praise and flattery, weary of being always in the right, of being imitated and courted, and made much of; if in one moment I had become poor, what a difference there would have been! Do you know, at one time I tried to outrage people's notions—did odd things—I even went so far as to be rude in cold blood! But they wouldn't be horrified—wouldn't take offense. My oddity was originality, my rudeness independence of mind. I went abroad and traveled about, and in Paris and elsewhere went into society; but, of course, it was the same there. Suitors! I might have had one for every day in the year! I grew sick of it all. I began to get cynical. How could I test the worth of any affection? The servants would all fawn on the heiress. Every one loves rich people! Suddenly the idea came to me which brought me to Doctor Dormer's; he did not know who I was. I told my design only to Miss Carlisle—my companion—borrowed her name, and came to London. I saw Doctor Dormer's advertisement and answered it. I determined to live for a time like a poor woman, to see if there was any truth in what I had been told, that I could be loved for my own sake. You think that I had grown morbid and cynical? Was it strange? But I was cured among those good people; I grew to love them very much even in the short time I was there, and they—you saw how they treated me—like their own daughter. And then—then you came, Eric—you, who had given up all you held dearest rather than be false to honor; and you loved me, too, for my own sake. Have I lost by the lesson I taught myself? Have I not gained more than all that wealth could give?"

"Cecil, you did well," answered Eric; and in the long close embrace, the one tender, almost solemn kiss pressed on her brow, she understood all else that he left unsaid.

Lady Egerton, of Egerton Royal and Oakeley Park, is the belle of the London season. The romantic story of her marriage had got about—as such stories always do—and added zest to the homage paid to the beautiful and noble-hearted wife of Eric Egerton; but the great world had no power over the pure heart. Despite her Velasquez-like stateliness, those who were intimate with her were inclined to drop the formal "Lady Egerton" for the familiar "Nina." To her husband and the Dormers she was always Cecil, and the children still gave her the old title of "Princess."

What pantomimes there were now for the children—what children's parties—what happy days at Egerton Royal! What splendid dolls there were for the girls and ships for the boys! Lady Egerton never felt greater pleasure in anything her brilliant life afforded her than when "playing daughter," as she called it, to the Doctor and Mrs. Dormer, or amusing the children.

Cecil Egerton's friendship did not stop short at these loving attentions. By her generosity the good doctor was placed beyond the need of practicing; but he loved his profession so much that, though he thenceforth gave up the more arduous portion of the work, he still practiced as a consulting physician; and it was a common thing now to see a long line of carriages waiting outside the residence of the fashionable physician, Lady Egerton's friend. For all the ladies were now ready to declare that they had never known so clever a man as Doctor Dormer.

One sunny morning in June, at an hour when many beauties were lounging over a late breakfast, down by the Serpentine a group of children were gathered round a tall, handsome man and a young and lovely girl. The man held in his hand a tiny model clipper, which presently he launched upon the stream with a push that sent her several feet into the dancing water, while a series of delighted

shouts and clappings of hands followed her; and the girl, happy in the children's happiness, clapped her hands too, and watched with real interest the little vessel in her trip across the Serpentine. The previous night's ball had faded from her memory; she had almost forgotten the garden-party for the afternoon, and opera for the evening, when every one would be looking to see if Lady Egerton's picturesque beauty shone in the well-known box. She was Cecil Carlisle, swimming the children's boats, and the happier in that innocent pleasure that it was now always associated in her mind with the day she had first met her husband, as he knelt on the grassy bank mending Walter's ship, and, while she stood by, asked of the children clustered round him, "And which of you is Cecil?"

#### OUR POPULAR SUMMER RESORTS.

##### ATTRactions OF LONG BRANCH AND ITS IRON PIER.

"AM I on the deck of an ocean steamer?" I asked myself, as I recently paced the new iron pier at Long Branch. Above me a canvas awning, beneath my feet deftly laid boards, holystoned to a Dutch dazzle; around me groups of gayly dressed people engaged in reading, in chatting, in flirting, in fishing, and, better than all, in doing nothing. I glanced seawards, and the ocean, dark-heaving, boundless, endless, kissed the sky. I gazed over the bulwarks and the blue-green waters flashed golden in the sunlight. In the distance a white sail on the sky—or a dim, filmy smoke cloud. The illusion was perfect, even to the masts dressed with the gaudiest of bunting. A *figo* for the Bessemer swinging saloon! A *figo* for the Douvres Calais catamaran! This was the ship for me—steady as a billiard-table, and—I turned, to be confronted by the stern reality of land—a tawny beach fringed with leaping snow-foam, a tawny bluff crowned by the palatial Ocean House, whose extending piazzas resemble widespread and welcoming arms open to those "who travel by sea." The view of Long Branch from this pier is panoramic. Away to the right and left hotels and villas and cottages, of every design "since Babel was built," stretch in infinite variety, ending as dots against the sky-line, the specialty being houses such as were seen by the captains of the Spanish Armada from their high poops when Philip rashly attempted the invasion of Merrie England. Beneath the bluff nestle hundreds of bathing-houses, while bathers, arrayed in *bizarre* costumes of as many colors as the raiment of Joseph, swarm on the yellow sands, till a garden of animated flowers presents itself to the attracted gaze. What a heaven-sent corner is this pier to the semi-convalescent! What deep, deep draughts of life-giving ozone are to be inhaled from every wave that comes sweeping in from the broad Atlantic!

I strolled down to the entrance, a very Mosaic in woodwork, and listened to the band, while I gazed at Long Branch *en coiture*. Immense omnibuses and dumpy stages trundle cheek-by-jowl with flashing equipages that would hold their own in the Row or the Bois; pony-phactons and basket-cozys tooled by bewitching maidens, pass in saucy and pretty trotlines; family carriages of ponderous build, containing portly dowagers and the small fry, and Norman-capped *bonnes*, creep lazily along; mail-phactons, "worked" by knowing ones, tear onwards! Everything is gay and animated. The crowd is always in motion. Groups of graceful young girls pass across the well-kept road from the Ocean House to the pier, or towards the bathing pavilions, where they stand "all in a row" while waiting for bathing suits. Young fellows, red as to the back of the neck from exposure to the sun, and dressed in the shortest of jackets and flowingest of continuations, and invariably attached to formidable-looking canes, stride jauntily about, a dip in the briny being their all of occupation in life. To behold them demanding their jewelry when they emerge from the billows is "a bit" of Long Branch. *Pater familias*, in a wide-brimmed straw hat and armed with the dailies, is strong at this charming *sanitarium*. He affects the pier, and has his favorite seat. The novel-reading young lady is also to be found here, who calmly pauses at the end of each chapter to listen to what the wild waves may be saying; children, "symphonies" in pink and "arrangements" in blue, group with the grace of kittens. The pier is a great resort for those who desire to behold their friends and acquaintances leaping, plunging, tossing, squirming, screaming, laughing, swimming and diving in the glad, mad, merry surf. Seated directly over these toilers of the deep every movement may be watched at ease, while a big wave can be seen approaching from afar off, so soon to burst over the devoted heads of the all-unconscious bathers. Many bathe beneath the pier, thereby securing respite from the rays of an almost tropical sun.

A noticeable feature of this portion of the Branch is the Life-guard service. These men, attired in distinctive dress, and with a life-belt around their waists, stand upon the sands or wade chest-deep in the surf, ever on the lookout. The moment an alarm is raised, or that their experienced glance indicates danger to a bather, they swim to the rescue, the life-belts being in readiness for the person in jeopardy. But the great feature, not only of the pier but in the life at the Branch, is the morning and evening arrival of the *Plymouth Rock*, the leviathan making two trips daily from New York. Her appearance having been duly signaled, a white flag is run up at one side of the extremity of the pier to denote the landing side. Then Judge Fitch, the ubiquitous and earnest president of the Pier Company, takes up his position, and Mr. R. F. Hamilton, the business manager, takes up his. The monster of the deep—a long way out at sea, but presently

slows round and comes drifting towards the pier, her three decks black with swarming humanity. The paddles give a few turns and she is alongside, but still fifty feet from the wooden uprights. Her captain seems to be standing on an inch of something or other on the bulwarks, while at six different points keen-eyed, strong-armed sailors are ready to fling ropes to pier officials, who run along wobbling beams with the agility of monkeys. Guy-ropes are thrown from the ship and deftly caught, while at the same moment—boom! and the piece of ordnance presented to the Ocean House by Mr. Frank Leslie, his name in brazen letters on the gun, now stationed on the pier, is fired, announcing to the Branch the safe arrival of the *Rock*. The hawsers adjusted, gangways are run out at different points, and thousands of excursionists are vomited forth—thousands! for, as I stood there watching them file before me like an invading army for twenty-five minutes, three thousand five hundred people passed *en route* to the shore. The young mother with the baby; the husband enfolded in wraps; the lovers, she hanging fondly upon his neck; the swells who do not come ashore till the very last; the youths who are determined to have a good time; the prudent ones, with basket and bottle; the bathers, carrying their own suits; children who will approach too near the edge of the pier—all these and other types too numerous to mention pass onwards in slow if not solemn procession, for they have got to deliver up their pier tickets at the iron wicket, and business must be attended to. To behold these excursionists, as later on they swarm upon the sands, is indeed a sight "rich in wondrous variety." Such groupings, such attitudes, such thorough abandon! They take possession of every available resting-place, and while many ramble along the beach for miles, the large majority remain within rifle-range of the *Plymouth Rock*, which gathers them together by vigorous blowing of whistle at the appointed time. Sun-kissed and ozoneladen, they return to the city, resolving to visit the Branch at the very next convenient opportunity.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Professor Newberry, of the Columbia College School of Mines, is spending his summer vacation in Utah, studying the geology of the Territory and examining its mines.

The French Minister of Fine Arts has placed at the disposal of the War Office fourteen cups of Sevres china to be offered in competition to the societies of carrier-pigeon breeders.

The French Association for the Advancement of Science will hold its eighth session at Montpellier, commencing on August 28th; the President being M. Baudouin, late Minister of Public Instruction.

By Improving the Navigation from Manchester to the sea, so as to accommodate steamers of the largest class, it is estimated that an annual saving to the city of £1,300,000 would accrue. Competent engineers pronounce the plan to be entirely feasible.

In Central Africa a large number of Jewish negroes has been discovered. Nearly every family possesses the law of Moses on parchment. They trace their origin to the first captivity, when some of the Hebrews fled to the desert and intermarried with the natives.

The Last Sheets of the map of Switzerland, recently published at Bern, will prove particularly valuable to tourists. They include St. Maria and the Stelvio, Martigny, and the Great St. Bernard. When the whole work is completed, Switzerland will be able to boast of a map of a far higher and more useful order than is possessed by any other country in the world.

The Opponents of Dr. Schliemann affirm that it is impossible to identify Hisarlik with the Homeric Troy, on the ground that at the time of the great epic war the site must have been covered by the sea. The Berlin geologists come to the rescue, and say that all the building stones brought from Hisarlik are of fresh-water formation, and thus confirm Schliemann's conclusions.

In Addition to his Astronomical Paper, Admiral Mouchez is preparing the organization, at the Observatory, of a High School of Astronomy composed of pupils from the Polytechnic and Normal Schools, and licencés en sciences, mathématiques, et physiques. The salary of successful pupils will be 1,800 francs a year, and positions will be secured for them in the French national observatories. The school will also admit a number of free students, who will have the advantage of the use of the instruments of the Observatory.

Professor Bencke, of Marburg, Germany, after measuring 970 human hearts, says that the growth of that organ is greatest in the first and second years of life. At the end of the second year it is doubled in size, and during the next five years is again doubled. Then its growth is much slower, though from the fifteenth to the twentieth year its size increases by two-thirds. A very slight growth is then observed up to fifty, when it gradually diminishes. Except in childhood, men's hearts are decidedly larger than those of women.

Mr. W. Whitman Bailey, of Brown University, describes the operations of a party of ants. The theatre of their work was a cherry-tree, partly decayed in the centre. From this portion of the tree the busy creatures were bringing forth small grains of sawdust, the particles of which were passed on from one ant to another, as water-buckets were at old-time fires. Nor was this all, for on the ground below another party removed the accumulated material. The principle of division of labor thus appears to be recognized among ants.

The Twenty-eighth Annual Meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science will be held at Saratoga, New York, beginning on Wednesday, the 27th of August. The President this year is Professor George F. Barker, of the University of Pennsylvania. The managers of the United States Hotel have agreed to furnish first-class accommodations to members of the Association and their families at \$2.50 a day, or one-half the regular rates, and a number of railroad companies will sell tickets at half-rates. A very full attendance is expected.

The Rev. C. T. Wilson, missionary in Africa, has recently made a voyage across the Victoria Nyanza from Uganda to Kager. He visited a group of 150 islands at the northwestern corner of the lake, where Stanley places only one large island. The south shore of the lake is found to consist of high downs, ending in abrupt precipices 300 or 400 feet high, which sometimes descended sheer down to the water; at others there was a low strip of alluvial land at the base, dotted with villages. The geological features of the south were also distinct from those of the north.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The German Emperor has conferred the Order of the Crown of the First Class on Freiherr von Varabauer, the author of the protectionist tariff.

The Board of Trade of Philadelphia is making arrangements to extend a fitting welcome to Minister John Welsh upon his return from England.

A SPECIAL dispatch from Fort Buford says that Sitting Bull was present and directed the fight with General Miles on July 17th, and that one of his brothers was killed.

The Cardinal Secretary of State, Cardinal Nina, has received from the Emperor of Austria the Grand Cross of St. Stephen, the highest Austrian decoration given to persons not of royal blood.

CHARLES FECHTER, the distinguished actor, died on his farm, near Quakertown, Pa., on August 5th, after suffering from a complication of diseases of the liver, kidneys and digestive organs for several weeks.

CARDINAL HONENLOHE, Liszt's great friend, was recently made Cardinal-Bishop of the Suburbicarian See of Albano, and the Pope has named Liszt an honorary canon of the Cathedral of Albano, that the friends may be together.

KING HUMBERT of Italy has set himself to the very considerable task of reading the Italian Parliament reports for the last thirty years. His reason for doing so is to familiarize himself with the history of the most important public discussions.

The German Crown Prince's eldest son, Prince William, who is now finishing his studies at the University of Bonn, will start at the beginning of the vacation, about the middle of August, for the East. His Imperial Highness will be absent for several months.

The Pope has intrusted Cardinal Hergenrother with the reorganization of the Papal archives at the Vatican, so as to make them more accessible for historical research. The cardinal has also been authorized to prepare interesting documents for publication.

A FRENCH physician, Dr. Compagny, who had charge of the sanitary arrangements of the Suez Canal works, has been sent to Panama to study the subject of health regulations for laborers on the proposed canal. De Lesseps will get the men from South America.

DR. KIRK, the British Consul-General at Zanzibar, writes to his Government that Mr. Keith Johnston, the leader of the English expedition to explore the head of Lake Nyassa, died of dysentery on the 28th of June, at Berobero, 130 miles inland from Dar-es-Salaam.

The Infanta Maria Del Pilar, second sister of the King of Spain, who was born June 4th, 1861, is dead. King Alfonso and the Princess of Asturias did not reach the place until after the death of the Infanta. It is stated that the body of the Infanta will be interred in the Pantheon of the Escorial.

PRINCES Albert Victor and George Frederick of Wales, on July 24th, bade farewell to the *Britannia*, at Dartmouth, where they have been educated during the past two years. They have both passed first-class in seamanship and conduct, thereby gaining six months' time, which will entitle them shortly to become midshipmen.

The oldest ex-Member of Congress now living is the Hon. Peleg Sprague, who represented the Kennebec District, Maine, fifty-four years ago—1825 to 1829. He was also a Senator from Maine from 1829 to 1835, and is the oldest ex-member of the Senate now living. Judge Sprague is now residing in Boston, at the greatly advanced age of eighty-seven years.

OFFICIAL publication is made of the nomination of General von Manteuffel to be Governor-General of Alsace-Lorraine, Dr. Herzog to be Secretary of State, Herr von Pommerehne to be Under-Secretary of the Interior, Worship and Instruction, Herr von Puttkammer-Colmar to be Under-Secretary of Justice, and Dr. Mayr to be Counselor of Finances and Domains.

LORD BEACONSFIELD, Sir Stafford Northcote, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Duke of Northumberland, Right Hon. Richard Assheton Cross, Lord Cranbrook, Right Hon. William Henry Smith, Lord John James Manners, Lord Sandon and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, were present at the Lord Mayor's banquet, which took place, August 6th, at the Mansion House.

MRS. MARY ALICE SEYMOUR, formerly connected with the female seminary of Knox College at Galesburg, Ill., has received an appointment in the Imperial household of Austria as Mistress of English to the young Archduchess of Austria and the Princess of Tuscany, and will be known henceforth in the Imperial Royal household as Lady Alice Seymour.

DR. POND, the President of the Theological Seminary at Bangor, Me., is now eighty-eight years old, and is still strong in body and mind. He has occupied his position in the seminary for almost half a century. He has written fifty or sixty books, in addition to countless casual articles in magazines and newspapers, and he has withal made a very busy, energetic and successful president.

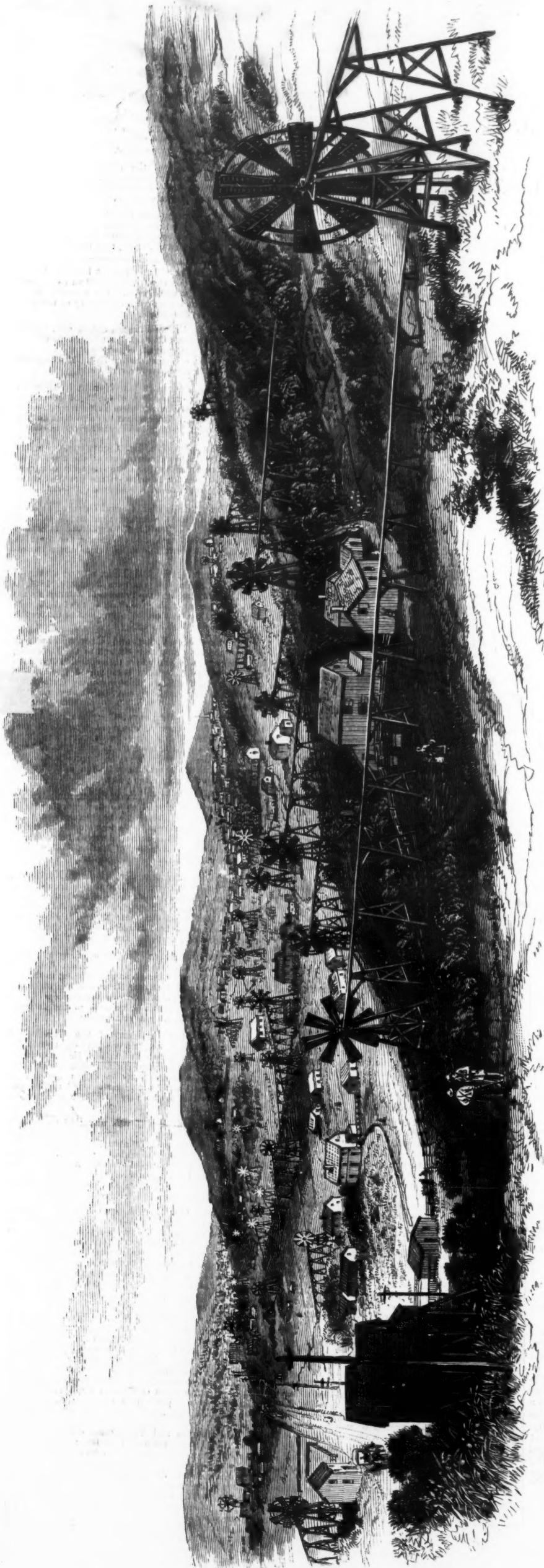
The statue of Thiers was unveiled on August 3d at Nancy in presence of a large assemblage, which included members of the Ministry, Senators and Deputies, and many other distinguished persons. A statue of Rabelais is to be set up at Chinon. A statue of General Foy, the Liberal orator of Louis XVIII's reign, was recently unveiled at Hain, and statues are proposed for Théophile Gautier and Béranger.

The two new French cardinals—Monsignor Detprez and Monsignor Pie—are entitled to a supplementary stipend of 10,000 francs a year in addition to an archiepiscopal allowance of 20,000 francs. The Archbishops of Paris and Algiers receive 50,000 francs and 30,000 francs respectively, but the other sixteen archbishops 20,000 francs, and the sixty-nine bishops 15,000 francs each. Each prelate is also allowed from 1,000 to 3,000 francs, according to the size of his diocese, for visitation.

REV. LAWRENCE S. McMAHON, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Providence, who was consecrated Bishop of the Diocese of Hartford on August 10th, was educated at Montreal and Baltimore Catholic Colleges, besides making a European trip, and studying for some time at Rome. He speaks fluently a number of languages, and ranks as a deep thinker and skilled theologian. He is about forty-five years of age, and has spent the past fourteen years as pastor of a church in New Bedford. While there he was advanced to the Vicar-Generalship.

The Spanish and Portuguese congregation of Jews in London, the oldest in Great Britain, have elected Rev. Abraham Pereira Mendes to the position of preacher in both their synagogues, vacant by the death of Rabbi Ariom in January last. Dr. Mendes was educated for the ministry in London, and officiated in Jamaica, W. I., his birthplace, and in Birmingham, England, where he succeeded Rev. Dr. Raphael on his departure for New York in 1851. In the last fifteen years he has been Principal of the Northwick College in London, and has published several valuable educational works for Jewish schools. Dr. Mendes is the father of Rev. Dr. de Sola Mendes and H. P. Mendes, of New York.





CALIFORNIA.—AGRICULTURAL RESOURCES OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE.—THE WINDMILL SYSTEM OF IRRIGATION.—VIEW OF THE VALLEY AT SAN MIGUEL STATION, MISSION ROAD, NEAR SAN FRANCISCO.—FROM A SKETCH BY WALTER YEAGER.

#### IRRIGATION IN CALIFORNIA.

##### THE VALLEY OF THE WINDMILLS.

IT has been asserted that nearly one-half the world requires irrigation for growing crops. It has been practiced in New Mexico for more than 200 years, and it is well established in Colorado, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Arizona and Nevada, as well as in much of California.

Irrigation is always a necessity where the general elevation is several thousand feet above the sea-level, or where mountain-ranges run across the sky so as to arrest the fall of moisture, and in each case the water used for irrigation first falls upon mountains. Except in Arica, irrigation is almost always practiced in sight of mountains perpetually covered with snow. The general elevation of the plains of New Mexico is 6,000 feet; of Colorado, 5,000; of Montana and Idaho, 3,500; of Utah, 5,000; of Nevada, 4,500; of the plateaus around Jerusalem, in Palestine, 3,000. The average elevation is about twelve inches per annum; in those of the lower, sixteen to eighteen inches; and in those last wheat and other small grains can be grown without irrigation, providing there are winter or "latter rains," as in California and Palestine, but gardens or vegetable crops must be irrigated; also, vines and fruit trees in the earlier stages of their growth. The annual rainfall of the Atlantic States is about fifty inches, of England fifty-five inches. An acre of wheat requires for its maturity a depth of ten to twelve inches of water. This is equal to the supply on the great interior plains, but there it comes at such irregular intervals that no dependence is placed upon it except for germinating the seed of small grain, which almost always is sown early in Spring, so as to receive the benefit of the last snow. Should snow or rain fall, the grain must be started by irrigation, which is always dreaded,

because a bare surface bakes and becomes hard, though something depends on the nature of the soil, whether sandy or adobe.

In preparing for irrigation two things are about equally necessary—one, a sure water-supply, the other, land so situated that water can be brought upon it without too great an outlay. A preliminary line is to be run, and a surveyor is employed, who, selecting a suitable locality on a stream where a dam can be built, and where the banks are low, will, by help of an assistant, mark out a line, indicated by stakes driven two or three rods apart. A proper stream should have a fall of about ten feet to the mile, and the fall of an irrigating canal should be from three to five feet to the mile. The real work commences by plowing a furrow from stake to stake; what is called a farm ditch to supply two or three farms can be mostly finished with the plow. Two furrows will make a ditch large enough to carry water for fifteen or twenty acres. A larger one, called a canal, is made with plow, scrapers and shovels. The contract price of excavation is about eighteen cents a cubic yard, so that the cost will be from \$300 to \$1,500 a mile.

A grain-field is irrigated three times: the first time after the ground is fairly covered with the growing crop; the last time just before ripening, and each time the ground is submerged, every inch being reached by the water. Except in porous soils, water will not soak more than twelve inches. The farmer who invented the dividing flume has so arranged the furrows running through his fields that he has turned on the water at sundown, and re-fifty acres completely covered.

In the Sacramento Valley, as well as in the agricultural suburbs of San Francisco, a great many wind-mills, each costing but a small sum, are used for raising water from a depth of twelve feet to irrigate market-gardens. One mill will water about half an acre by means of small flumes arranged as in our engraving. The vicinity of San Miguel Station, on the

Mission Road, near San Francisco, is so dotted with these flumes and wheels that the section has been not inaptly called by visitors the "Valley of the Windmills."

#### NOVEL STREET RAILWAY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

THE City of San Francisco is well supplied with street railroads, all of which are well and efficiently managed. One of them, that on Clay Street, has peculiar attractions to the stranger on account of the novelty of its method of operation. The locality through which this road runs being elevated, was much sought after as a place of residence; but the hill was too steep to admit of the running of either steam or horse-cars up and down the grade, and it became necessary, therefore, to adopt some other means of propulsion. Accordingly, an endless wire rope, one inch in diameter, passing around the drive-wheel of a powerful engine located at the summit of the hill and around a strong pulley at the bottom of the grade, serves as the cable by which the cars are drawn up and down the acclivity. This rope runs in an underground channel-way, and the "gripping-clamp" projecting from a "dummy" in front of the car seizes or releases the rope at the will of the conductor or driver. The car-brakes act directly on the rail, stopping the car instantly, as soon as released from the ropes. The principle thus employed is by no means new, but its application to street railroads was first made, we believe, in San Francisco, where it has proved entirely successful.

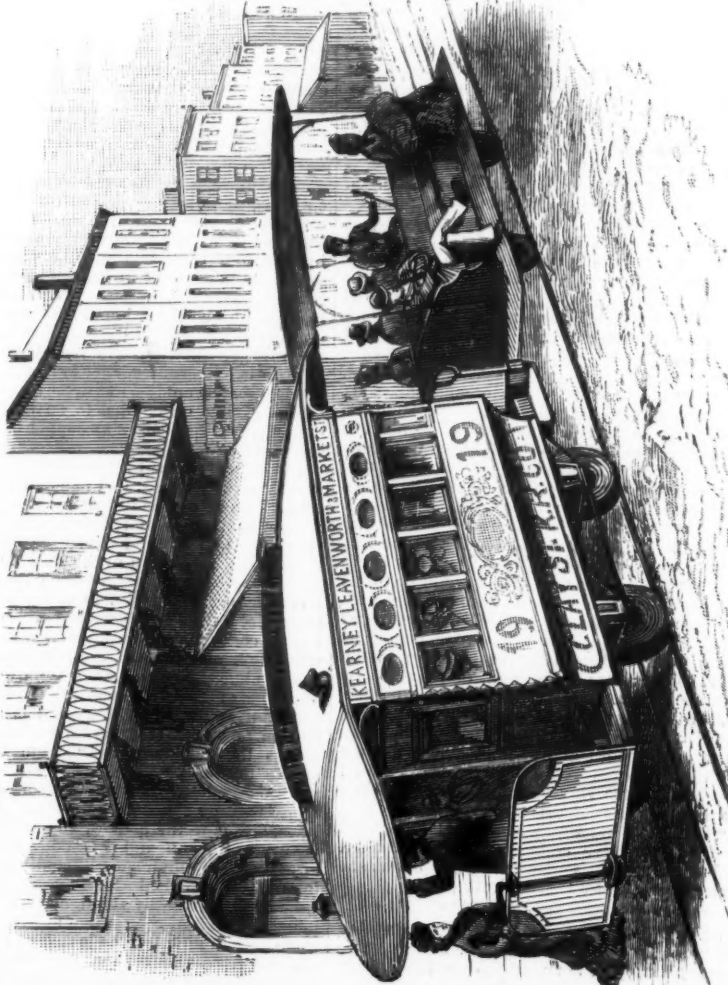
#### THE SOUTH AMERICAN WAR.

THE situation of the South American belligerents remains practically unchanged, the only operations of note reported since our last issue being the engagement of the famous Per-

uvian ironclad *Huascar* with the Chilean blockading squadron in Iquique Bay. A report, via Panama, under date of August 4th, represents that the *Huascar* and *Union* have visited Chilean ports, destroying launches and capturing the steamer *Rimac*, with the entire Zungay regiment of cavalry fully armed and supplied with horses, besides three vessels loaded with coal and copper.

The attack of the *Huascar* in Iquique Bay occurred July 10th, when she seriously damaged the Chilean armed transports *Madias*, *Concepcion* and *Ataco*, and then had a fight with the blockading squadron lasting two hours, after which she quietly steamed back to Arica. The object, of course, was to sink the two Chilean vessels supposed to have been left in the harbor; but it so turned out that all the blockading squadron was together, and too closely grouped to permit the full accomplishment of such a plan. Nevertheless, considerable injury was inflicted, and the *Huascar* is ready for another brush. Being the only sea-going ironclad the Peruvians possess at the moment, it is out of the question to risk her existence in a pitched battle with the bulk of the opposing fleet, more especially as the Chilean armored ships are considered to be individually stronger than the *Huascar*. These dashes and species of Stonewall Jackson warfare on the water will eventually tell, and Captain Gran seems determined to make the most of his opportunities. Now, with the *Union* and *Pilcomayo* to help him, he may attempt greater enterprises.

The voyage of the *Pilcomayo* to the southern coast has been referred to. An officer was sent on shore at Tocopilla and informed the Chilean commandant the *Pilcomayo* was about to destroy all the lighters and launches in the port, but that no fire would be opened on the town. The Chilean replied that he could only make resistance on land, and would permit no disembarkation of troops. The launches were a Chilean merchant ship, the *Matilde*, were then sunk, and as the *Pilcomayo* was steaming



CALIFORNIA.—PASSENGER-CARS ASCENDING CLAY STREET HILL, SAN FRANCISCO, BY MEANS OF AN ENDLESS WIRE ROPE.



off she discovered the ironclad *Blanco Encalada* with a corvette, in the distance, rapidly approaching. The Chilians gave chase and pursued the *Pilcomayo* for twenty hours, when the superior speed of the gunboat was acknowledged and her opponents gave up the attempt.

Don Anibal Pinto, President of the Republic of Chili, was elected in September, 1876, his term ending in 1881. He is an energetic and patriotic administrator, having displayed singular powers of government in several critical periods. He is thus no unworthy successor of the many good Presidents who have done so much to



GENERAL MARIANO PRADO, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF PERU.

make Chili the best governed and most prosperous of all the South American Republics.

General Mariano Prado, President of Peru, succeeded one of almost similar name, General Prado, since assassinated as he entered the legislative hall. In that turbulent State, Prado well knows how insecure is his tenure of power, and that revolution or assassination may at any moment close his administration.

General Hilarion Daza, President of Bolivia, has filled the Presidential chair of Bolivia since May, 1876, and has the reputation of being a man of advanced ideas, eager to push forward the material prosperity of the State. He had developed its resources, and, when the war was inevitable, was ready with a small but well-organized army.

A private telegram from Valparaiso, dated August 4th, announces that the Chilean blockade of Iquique has been again raised. The *Admiral Cochrane* of Chili has spent several days on the site where the *Esmeralda* was sunk, seeking to recover some of the effects and



GENERAL HILARION DAZA, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF BOLIVIA.

guns of that ship, but no results are mentioned. Chili has received another check in the form of a refusal by the Argentine Senate to ratify the treaty of 1878 with it, relative to the cession of Patagonia.

#### CROSSING THE RATON MOUNTAINS.

THE FAMOUS SWITCHBACK NEAR TRINIDAD, COLORADO.

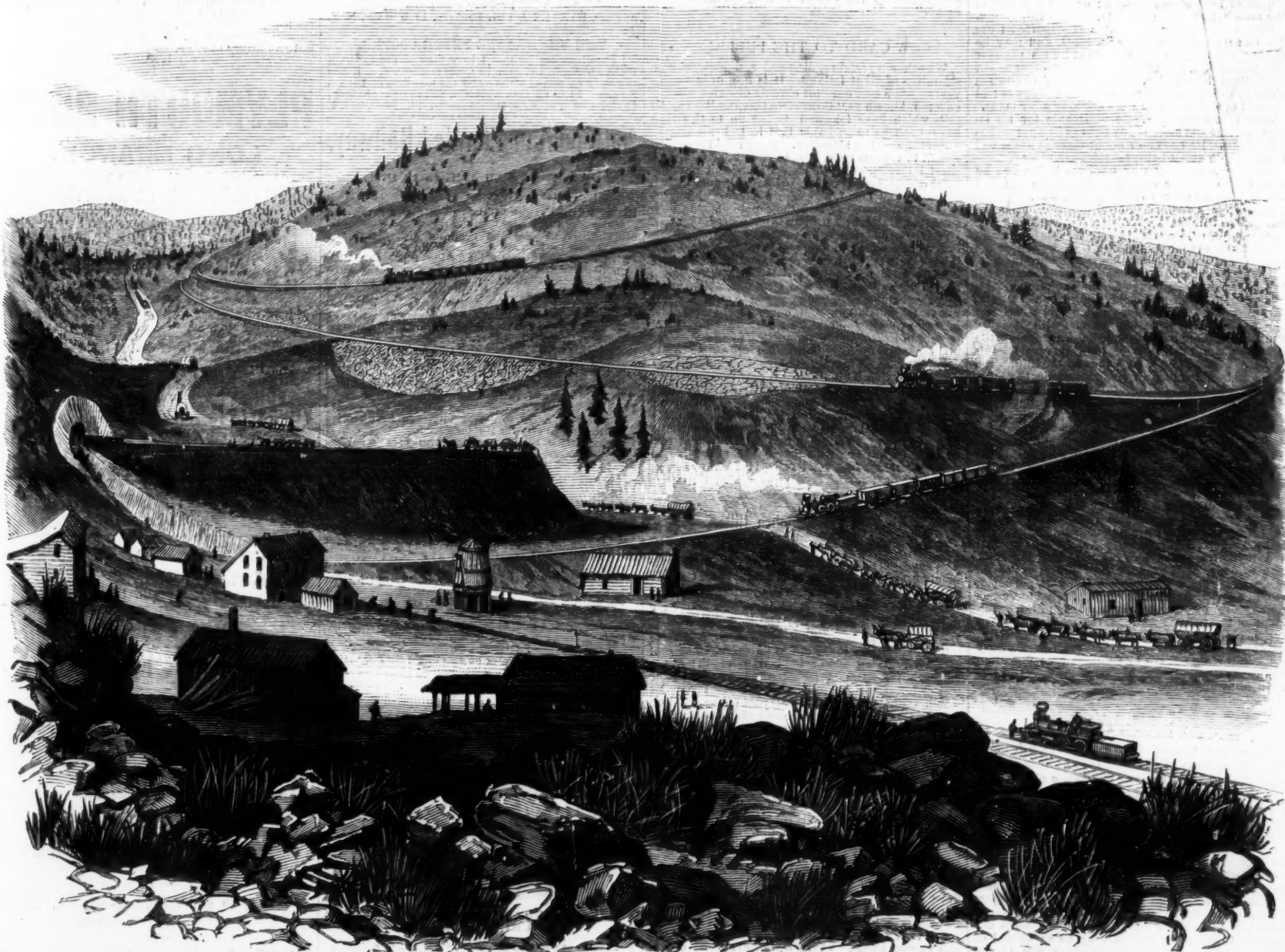
WE give on this page an illustration of the "switchback" near Trinidad, Colorado, by which the Raton Mountains are now crossed into New Mexico. Trinidad is the southernmost town of Colorado, and the *entrepôt* for the Territory named. The Raton Mountains reach out from the main range in a nearly easterly direction, forming a line almost coincident with the boundary between Colorado and New Mexico. The culminating point is Raton Peak, seven miles south of Trinidad, which attains an altitude of 9,465 feet. Directly west of this peak begins Raton Cañon, crooked, savage and picturesque, rising up to Raton Pass 7,863 feet above the sea. Directly opposite Raton Cañon is Willow Cañon, debouching at Willow Springs upon the vast pastoral plains of New Mexico. The hollow thus scooped out by the finger of nature has long been a great viaduct of travel, the portal to New Mexico, and the route of a vast traffic. This natural artery of trade the managers of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Company resolved to follow, and after a short and sharp but decisive struggle with the Denver and Rio Grande Company, they remained masters of the situation, and proceeded at once to construct their road, the only enemy left them to contend with being the natural obstacles they found in their path.

The distance from Trinidad to the summit is a trifle over fifteen miles, giving an average rise of upwards of 121 feet to the mile. This would not be excessive if it were equally distributed, but it is not. In places a gradient of 185 feet to the mile has to be overcome, and when within half a mile of the summit the road runs suddenly against a steep ascent 287 feet high. To reach the foot of that hill enormous engineering obstacles have been surmounted. The hill-sides have been dug into, the rocks have been blasted away, streams have been diverted from their channels, riprap has been built to protect embankments, three iron bridges have been thrown across



D. ANIBAL PINTO, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF CHILI.

the cañon as the line changes from side to side, seeking the least difficult path, and at last the locomotive is brought face to face with a steep ascent no human machinery can climb. To surmount the ascent two schemes are devised, the one temporary and in present use, the other to be permanent and to supersede the first. The means now employed is called a "switchback." By it the cars leaving the main line are carried along a steep incline diagonally up the hill; thence, reversing their direction, shoot up another; then, reversing again, they climb to the summit, zigzagging up the steep they cannot directly scale. Even in this gradual ascent the grade is no less than 316 feet to the mile. Circling around the highest point, the road descends on the New Mexico side by a similar contrivance, and reaches the main line once more after having achieved 2,000 feet of actual distance by going three miles around. This temporary work has cost the company \$30,000. The permanent line, instead of overcoming the summit, will pass through 160 feet below, by a tunnel 2,000 feet in length. This tunnel is 14 feet wide



COLORADO.—NORTH END OF THE RATON SWITCHBACK AND TUNNEL NEAR TRINIDAD, ALSO SHOWING THE OLD SANTA FÉ TRAIL OVER RATON PASS.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. WORRELL.



by 19 feet high, and will cost, when completed, \$125,000. The company expect to have the tunnel open for business by the first of September.

The ride over the mountain is exhilarating and romantic, and all the more for the spiced danger there is in it: for the misplacement of a rail by half an inch, or the slipping of a brake, would hurl train and passengers hundreds of feet below.

Thirty miles south of Trinidad is the mushroom town of Otero, named in honor of Don Miguel A. Otero, one of the wealthiest merchants of New Mexico, and at one time its honored delegate in Congress. It is the intention of the railroad company to operate the line between Trinidad and Otero as a mountain division, with the largest engine in the world as a motive power.

### The Planets in August.

VENUS is evening star, and eminently deserves the place of honor among the mysterious twinklers throughout the month, for she dons her most beautiful garments, and far outshines her sparkling peers in size and radiant light. On the 19th she reaches her point of greatest brilliancy, and sharp-eyed observers who know where to look may then obtain a glimpse of her before the sun sets, or watch the shadow she casts at night in the absence of the moon. Viewed through the telescope, she now presents the phase of a waning crescent, but, owing to her nearness to the earth, her apparent diameter is nearly six times as great as when she is furthest off. Venus sets about nine o'clock. Her rapid approach to the sun night after night will be evident to the most casual observer, as will be her rapid increase in brilliancy until the 19th, after which she will be so near the sun as to be quickly hidden by his bright rays. At the end of the month she will set about seven, only half an hour after the sun, and then for nearly a year the queen of stars will be missed from the western sky.

Jupiter deserves to be ranked with the evening stars, although the calendar does not give him a place there until the last day of the month. He comes into opposition with the sun on the 31st, and is then at his most brilliant point to terrestrial view, being more than one hundred and eighty millions of miles nearer to us than when furthest off. The earth is between the sun and Jupiter, and, as the planet's position in the heavens is then opposite the sun, he is said to be in opposition. Thus the two largest and brightest planets of the system will reach their culminating points during the month, and observers will not fail to enjoy as well as contrast the softened radiance of Venus in the west with the brighter glow of Jupiter in the east. It must also be remembered that our mighty brother-planet is approaching his much-dreaded perihelion, reaching it next year in September, and that in the intervening period and the two or more years succeeding, all manner of atmospheric disturbances are to be expected. The vast mass of Jupiter, when approaching fifty millions of miles nearer to the great central luminary, must inevitably create a commotion among his incandescent elements, and every disturbance in the sun is reflected to the remotest bound of the solar system. The men of science are therefore watching the dawn of the eleven-year period, and the inauspicious combination of the perihelion passages of the four great planets, with an intensity of interest proportioned to its importance, while Jupiter, the superb star challenging our admiration throughout the month, is the chief sinner among the shining quartet. He rises now at a quarter before nine o'clock; on the last day of the month, just as the sun sets, about half-past six.

Saturn is morning star. He has departed from his close companionship with Mars, and may be easily recognized in the southeast by his peculiar dull yellow tint, and the absence of any other bright stars from his vicinity. He rises now about ten o'clock, nearly an hour and a half after Jupiter; at the end of the month he rises not long after eight. Mars is morning star, and noticeable for his increasing size and more ruddy light as he approaches opposition. He rises now about eleven; at the end of the month about half-past nine. Mercury is evening star until the 23d, when he comes into inferior conjunction with the sun, and commences his short rôle as morning star. Uranus is evening star until the 28th, when he comes into conjunction with the sun, after which he shines among the morning stars. He sets now about eight, but is too far away to be seen by the naked eye. After his conjunction he rises before the sun.

The month of August is honored by the advent of two full moons, one on the 2d and one on the 31st. The waning moon was near Jupiter on the 4th, Saturn on the 7th, and Mars on the 9th. The new moon of the 17th is in conjunction with Mercury and Uranus when one day old, but they are all too near the sun to be visible to observers on this planet. The moon is near Venus on the 20th. The moon and Jupiter are in conjunction on the 30th, one day before the full.

Thus the skies of the softer Summer nights will be full of interest for human observation. Two full moons will shed their rounded radiance over the sleeping earth, and flood the landscape and seascapes with silvery light. Jupiter will reign supreme in the early eastern sky, and Venus in the height of her renown will hang in pensive beauty amid the glowing west. Later in the night Mars and Saturn will divide the starry honors with Jupiter, the celestial trio gaining in size and brightness as they approach their opposition. The Earth will plow her way through the August meteor zone, and myriad meteors dissolving in fiery tears will give evidence of the annual passage. Besides all this, there will be conjunctions and oppositions, visible and invisible, of the great celestial forces, as well as a rarely beautiful phenomenon in the occultation of the red star Antares, the leading brilliant in Scorpio, by the Moon on the evening of the 24th, not far from half-past ten. Observers will have busy work in tracing out the movements here indicated on the glowing map which, every star-lit night, lies open above our heads.

### Singular Instincts of Scorpions.

THERE is a species of stinging scorpion found in the river bottoms of Western Texas. Immediately after the birth of her young the female places them in a basket-shaped receptacle on her back, where they at once attach themselves and begin sucking her blood. Of course, the mother soon succumbs to this unflinching treatment and begins to droop. The young ones are by this time sufficiently nourished to demand more substantial food, and they kill their mother and devour her. Should one of the young ones become detached from the living nest, it is at once killed and feasted upon by its mother. Thus it seems that while the female willingly sacrifices her life to her offspring, yet she does not hesitate to kill them should they be so devoid of instinct as to refuse to remain where she places them after birth. While this is going on the male parent stands around.

### FUN.

DARKNESS that may be felt—a black hat.

ARE the Scottish lochs fitted with quays?

NIAGARA FALLS, but the mercury doesn't.

NEW YORK policemen make all their arrests at club rates.

BEWARE of the man of one book—especially if he is the agent for it.

A GOOD many Western people are feeding New Jersey musquitos at Long Branch.

PERSONS who eat cucumbers do not have their labor for their pains, but the reverse.

THE Bible tells us that our hairs are numbered, and we know that they are also sometimes red.

THE bootblack blithely shines while he works; But the lazy man whines while he shirks.

A YOUNG man described a taxidermist to a boy of young girls as one who sort o' upholsters animals!

MRS. SQUILLS don't believe there ever has been "a white race in Africa," because, from what she has heard of the climate, it's altogether too warm there for such sports.

A CLEVER boy was offered five shillings to dig up his aunt's garden, and he hid a sixpence in it, and then told all the boys in the neighborhood. The next morning the ground was pulverized two feet deep.

"WHAT part," asked a Sunday-school teacher, "of the 'Burial of Sir John Moore' do you like best?" "He was thoughtful for a moment, and then replied, 'Few and short were the prayers we said.'"

HE was a disgusted boy. He had exercised great caution and had finally succeeded in crawling, unobserved, under the canvas into the tent. And he found it was not a circus, but a revival meeting in progress.

DE CANDOLLE calls attention to the fact that a branch of a coffee-tree, preserved in a solution made by boiling water, with about seventeen per cent. of common salt, retained its green color for fifty-three years.

A CLEVELAND mother, noticing her little daughter wipe her mouth with her dress sleeve, asked her what her handkerchief was for. Said the little one: "It's to shake at the ladies in the street. That's what papa does with his."

THEY begged him to play a little. He seemed to feel bashful at first, but, after a while, began to play vigorously. "What power!" said a listener to the owner of the piano. "Yes," exclaimed the latter, in alarm, "he seems to have considerable music; but he ought to know that this isn't a gymnasium."

A PARTY of Baptist clergymen were bluefishing off Martha's Vineyard the other day. A question arose as to whether a certain specimen was really a bluefish. "We call 'em Baptists," said a native fisherman. The Baptist clergymen rather eagerly asked why. "Case they spile so soon arter they're taken out o' the water."

A LAWYER once asked a Texan judge to charge the jury that "It is better that ninety-and-nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should be punished." "Yes," said the judge. "I will give that charge, but in the opinion of the court the ninety-and-nine guilty men have already escaped in this country."

THIS, dear children, is the shoe of a Chinese lady. See how little it is; what a very narrow sole it has. "I'll bet it ain't as narrow as Deacon——'s. Father says his soul will fall through a crack in the floor some day and get lost!" was the shrill comment of a boy given to sharp listening. The superintendent put the Chinese shoe in his pocket, and requested the school to sing "Pull for the Shore."

### A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

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### Life in the Kah-chen Hills.

In a brief account of the work of the China Inland Mission in Burmah we find some notes of interest respecting a visit to the Kah-chen hills near the Chinese frontier. The village visited is situated among the mountains at an elevation of 4,000 feet above the Burmese town of Tsee-kaw. The Kah-chen houses, as described as being built of bamboo, and more substantially than those of the Burmese. The roof of each is about 100 or 150 feet in length; at the entrance, for some 15 feet, the sides are open or merely formed of open bamboo work. The poles which support the roof of this part of the building are ornamented with the heads and horns of buffaloes sacrificed to the gods or spirits. On either side of a long passage are small rooms, the first of which is the guest chamber; the kitchen and general sitting-room is at the end of the passage, whence a door, always open, leads into a small raised veranda and which is entirely appropriated to the use of the nats, of whom the people are in great dread. The dress of the women is superior to that of their Burmese sisters, from whom they are said to be more modest. All who can afford it wear a large silver hoop round the neck, and as many strings of red, green, blue, and white beads as they can muster. Their ear ornaments are peculiar; large flaps of ornamented cotton hang from the back of the ear, and tassels or silver tubes are passed through the lobes. All wear large coils of rattan round their bodies, and the younger ones wear bells and cowrie shells. There is, however, one objection to both men and women, viz., their great want of cleanliness.

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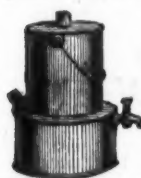
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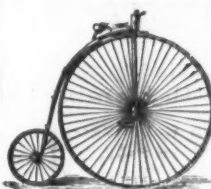
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